

An Interview with William Colby Oriana Fallaci

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 13, 1976, 60 cents

In Defense of Big Government

Henry Fairlie

Primary Symptoms — *The Editors*
Lionel Trilling — *Irving Howe*
Ronnie and Jerry — *John Osborne*
Panicky Pakistan — *Tad Szulc*
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Shellshock

A year ago America's 16-year involvement in Vietnam cracked and crumbled. What is left are some young Americans in exile, a national mental block amounting to near-psychosis, and some behavioral quirks that would delight a psychiatrist: distrust of ourselves, alienation, a lassitude of will, and a clutch of presidential candidates roaming the nation warning against the federal government.

America's allies pray that we will snap out of it soon, using, perhaps, the standard therapy of such cases: reconstruction, one by one, of the painful events leading up to the blackout. "One year ago," murmurs the patient on the couch, "it seems like a century, an age!" It was only March 5, 1975, however, that newspapers noted the start of a new North Vietnamese attack in the Central Highlands.

It was the beginning of the end. Mr. Ford was "terribly disappointed" that Congress delayed \$522 million supplemental aid in the emergency. But a year ago the nation was fed up: Gallup reported 78 percent of the public opposed more aid; the House Democrats voted 189-49 against it.

Fall of the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia "could vitally affect the national security of the United States," Mr. Ford warned Congress, March 17. Such nonsense seems incredible a year later. But we had heard statements like that for years and, besides, Congress was being set up to be blamed for the loss of the war in the 1976 election. South Vietnamese troops began abandoning provincial capitals, followed by hundreds of thousands of pitiful civilians. On March 20 last year Mr. Ford linked the retreat to the uncertainty of US aid.

Hue fell, the former imperial capital. Washington tension grew. *The New York Times* unexpectedly declared, March 21, that it would be "unconscionable" to cut off ammunition for Saigon, and it urged a three-year terminal aid program "to remove the Vietnam issue from next year's (1976) presidential election." The Communists removed it themselves. Americans watched on their TV sets South Vietnamese troops fight civilians to get on the last plane from Da Nang.

Was that only last year?—surely it must have been longer! The climax came soon, but as always, the details were surprising. Scoop Jackson told the Senate, April 8, that he was "reliably informed" that former President Nixon had made "secret agreements" with Saigon. Yes, said the White House the next day, but only to assure Saigon (in 1973) that the US would "react vigorously" to any violation of the pending cease-fire agreement. We wanted Thieu to come along, just as we had when Kissinger electrified the nation, right before the 1972 election, that "peace is at hand."

The Communist advance rolled forward. Mr. Ford suddenly asked an evening joint session of Congress, April 10, for \$722 million more aid to help Saigon "save itself." Maybe this wasn't an effort to put the monkey on Congress' back but it looked like that. The end was near. The Pentagon estimated that \$780 million of US-supplied arms had been lost in the retreat.

Cambodia surrendered on April 10. That ended one US adventure: an unprovoked and unconstitutional presidential war. It recalled the Christmas bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, also ordered by Nixon without consultation. The bombing was too bad, State Department officials agreed later, because this most intensive bombing in history (2000 strikes, 12 days) was not a military necessity; it was a sweetener to persuade Premier Thieu to come along with cease-fire negotiations.

Saigon surrendered April 30. That ended 30 years of bloodshed. The war began as a native rebellion, led by Ho Chi Minh, to throw off French colonial rule. The US was half-sympathetic at first but finally decided French morale had to be bolstered. The US provided financial aid to France, and after she was thrown out began supplying military advisers to the South in the civil war that followed. Always there were two beliefs; the belief

that all underdeveloped countries would love America if only they got to know us; and the belief in monolithic communism.

The first belief brought the classic peroration of Sen. Ken Wherry discussing China in the 1940s, "With God's help we will lift Shanghai up and up—ever up, until it is just like Kansas City." And the other belief brought hardly less romantic utterances: Secretary Dulles' that we would make Laos a "bastion of the free world," and Jack Kennedy's that "the security of all Southeast Asia will be endangered if Laos loses its neutralist independence."

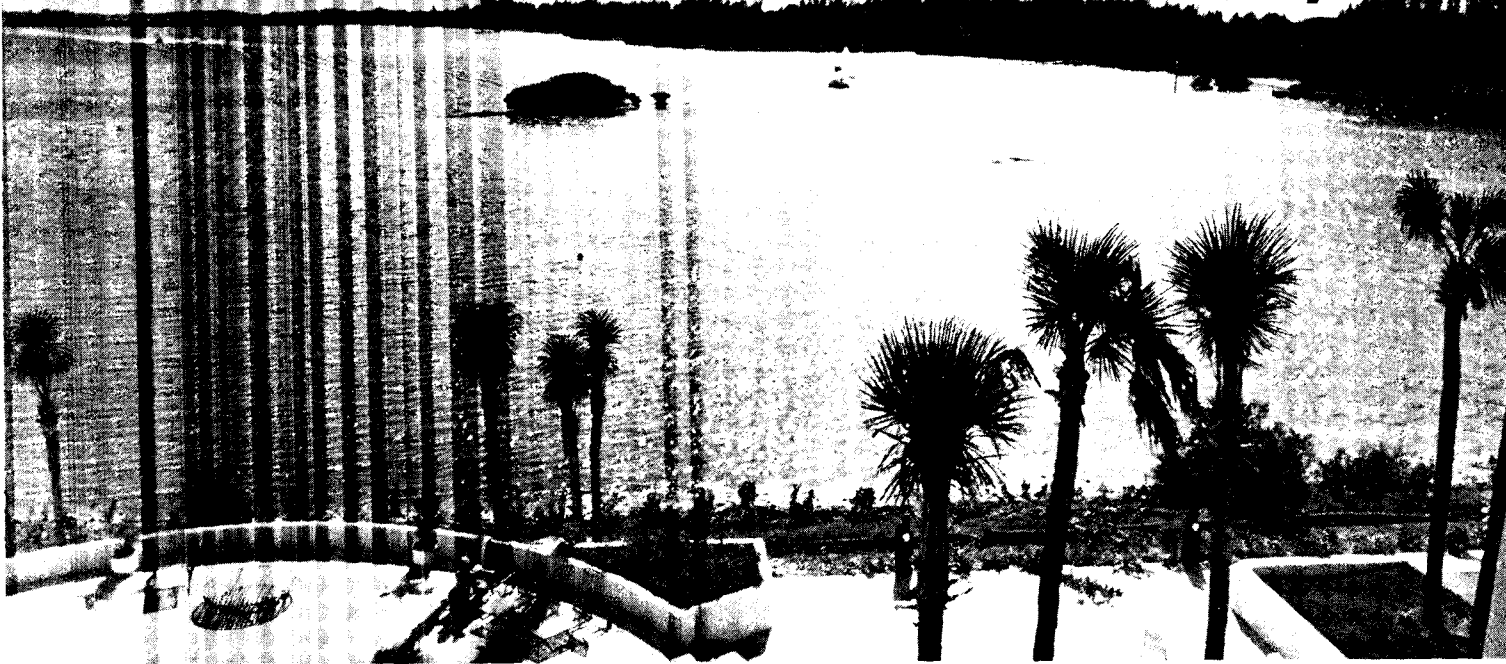
"Probably the only people who have the historical sense of inevitable victory are the Americans," English political scientist Denis Brogan once wrote with awe. It was never understood in Washington, explained David Halberstam, that what was happening in Vietnam "was a revolutionary war, and that the other side held title to the revolution because of the colonial war which had just ended."

Europeans watched Washington and Saigon with equal curiosity a year ago. *The Sunday Times* (London), April 6, saw "a pitiful lack of dignity" in Washington: "The President rails at Congress, as if a few million dollars could change the course of history." *The Daily Telegraph* decided that America's other alliances were safe; "the United States never at any time had the will to win in Vietnam."

The *London Times* summed it up; there were "two flaws" in America's policy from the first, it said. "One was the tendency to see the tentacles of a centrally-directed Communist conspiracy everywhere . . . The other was the tendency to see the American political system as the neutral and universal goal of human endeavor."

Exactly; and these myths departed a year ago as America lost its innocence and came of age. It happens to nearly everybody, sooner or later, but it is hard to face. It helps account for the disillusionment and alienation of the election mood. Mr. Ford still attacks Congress: the other day he called it "gutless" about Angola. We sent 550,000 to Vietnam, but it is hard to forgive Cuba for sending 10,000 to Angola. Congress is still to blame; we lost the Great Society and got inflation in the war; some draft evaders are still in exile wishing they had a pardon like Nixon, and the thing cost the US \$170 billion and 55,000 lives. It ended a year ago.

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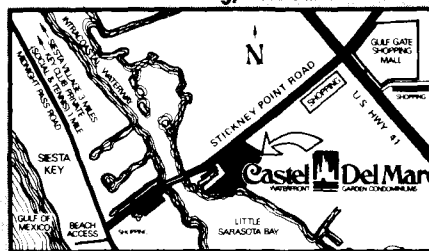
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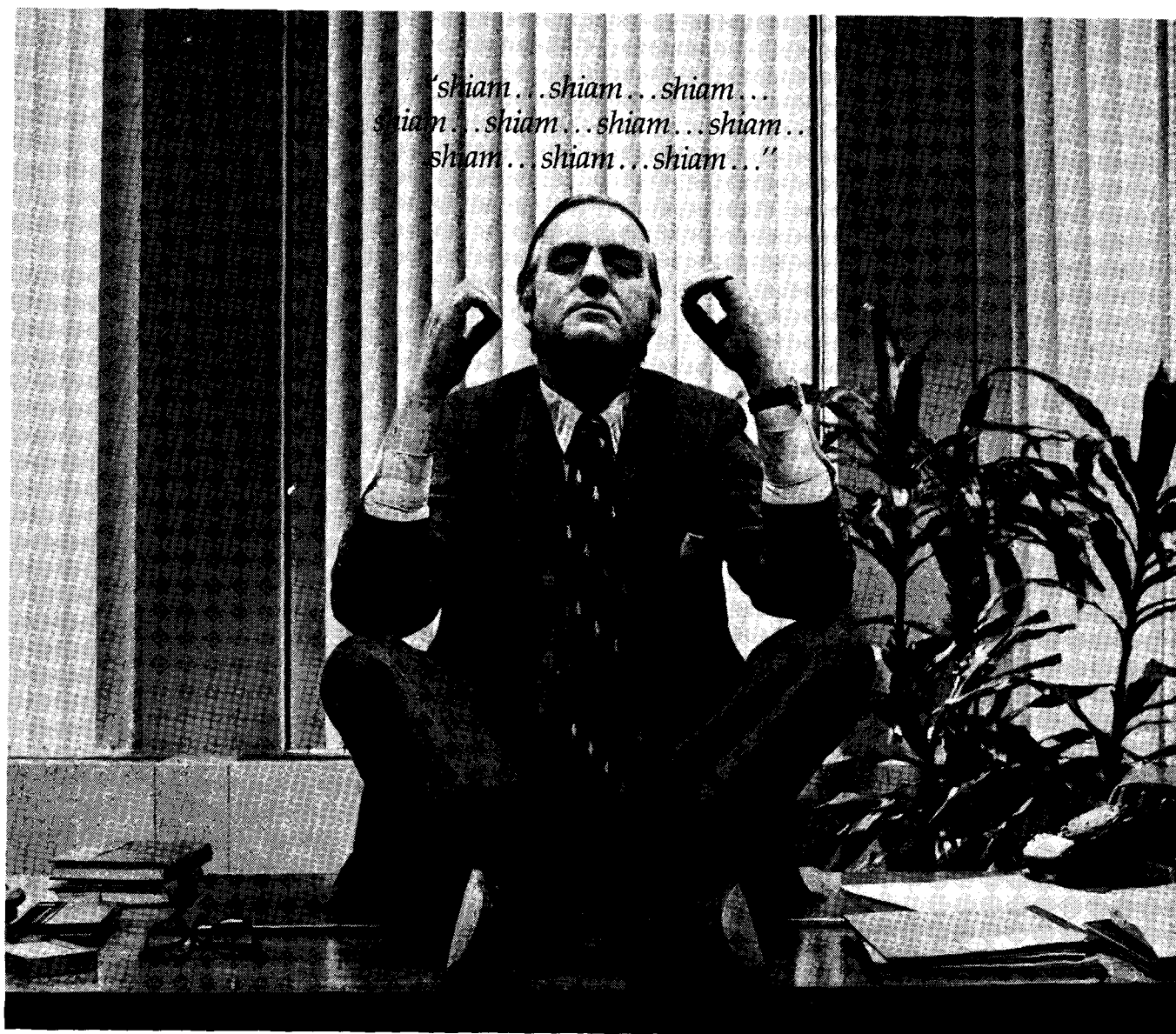
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Primary Symptoms

Two primaries and a series of state caucuses are behind us, and as usual, the results confounded the soothsayers' predictions and assumptions. One myth that will probably not survive much longer is that the Democrats' proportional representation rules and the new campaign finance law will keep fringe candidates going and bring the party into the Madison Square Garden convention hopelessly factionalized. Among those considered to be the liberal contenders, the weeding out has been quick and definite, almost ruthlessly so. To the extent that Birch Bayh and Morris Udall did indeed compete for the same constituency, New Hampshire and Massachusetts confirm Udall as the certain choice of the party's liberal wing. At the same time, at least some of Bayh's labor support is now likely to move to Jackson, whose victory in the Bay State was built largely on a solid organizational effort with a trade union base. The outcome of the two New England delegate primaries show up Sargent Shriver as a marginal figure, without a distinguishing message or a committed following: the glitter of Camelot has dulled, and furthermore is not transferable by marriage. On economic matters Fred Harris has played confrontation politics with the rest of the field; his last New Hampshire leaflet said flatly, "It's Us Against Them." He has polarized issues and sharpened the responses of his competitors; but analysis of the primary voting indicates that, while his blunt populist preachments go over well with scattered affluent liberals and some of the young, they don't grab the blue-collar whites and blacks at whom they are aimed.

The immediate crisis for the losers is money (there are always enough steadfast workers willing to push on a bit further). But with the \$1000 limit on contributions, no candidate can go back to wealthy supporters for another transfusion of dollars. The loophole the Supreme Court created by allowing contributors to exceed the limits on their own if their spending on behalf of a campaign is truly independent of it will not likely, moreover, change this significantly. So matching funds notwithstanding, only Udall is likely to command enough credibility on the left of the party to raise the money needed to continue a full campaign. His problem is different: he has held himself out of the next few primaries, and he will have to work hard to keep attention on his candidacy while the competition for votes is being

waged by others. It is not clear how Sen. Church's on-again off-again (as of this writing, it's on-again) plans will affect Udall's prospects—or anyone else's. Sen. Humphrey, of course, also still waits in the wings; but his hopes require a deadlock and as the winning proceeds an eventual deadlock seems less likely.

Another notion that bears some reexamination is the idea carried over from four years ago that in primaries, the Democratic party has no "center," that the factions that emerged in 1968 and solidified in 1972 are the party.

That assumption may still be the motive of the higher councils of a few labor unions and among some activists energized and drawn to electoral politics by the prolonged conflict in Indochina. But, with the war issue transcended (or pathologically repressed as TRB argues this week) and the genuine economic crisis of the past four years, which has so hurt the country's Democratic hard-core, the wounds in the party seem to be healing. On some issues—the bread-and-butter ones, at least—something like a Democratic consensus is re-emerging. That is to say there may again be a clearly discernible and perhaps dominant Democratic center—a mixed blessing. (We already know the extent to which Indochina dominated Democratic politics in 1972; the CBS poll of voters in the Massachusetts primary indicates how the end of the war has affected voting this year. McGovern won Massachusetts with 53 percent of the vote four years ago. This time, those who recalled voting for the South Dakota senator were splintered—28 percent for Udall, 18 percent for Jackson, 16 percent for Wallace, 12 percent for Harris, with Carter, Bayh and Shriver dividing the remainder.)

The ascendancy of the center is definitely bad news for George Wallace. Liberals tend often to fear the apocalypse, and these pages have from time to time worried over Gov. Wallace's future and the nation's. But even with the inflamed racial situation in Boston (and a persistent local recession to feed it), he was not able to expand his hard-core constituency of resentment. His supporters were, even in their own eyes, still just sending a message, not electing a President. Wallace may be an embarrassment, an annoyance; but he is not a threat.

All the other candidates who did reasonably well demonstrated some ability to draw support spanning the party's diverse adherents. According to the joint *New York Times*-CBS poll, Jimmy Carter's New Hampshire victory was fashioned in equal proportions from self-defined liberals and conservatives, in combination with a larger bloc of moderates. A fresh face, even an engaging personality, Carter has so far led a charmed life; that will not last. His fourth place showing after his New Hampshire triumph suggests that he will now have to produce something resembling a program, take positions and run the risks they entail. The momentum from his early wins has been slowed by the Massachusetts electorate, and he now must

progress from being a surprising presence to a serious challenger.

Consistently but not altogether accurately classified as a conservative on social issues, Henry Jackson was hawkish on Indochina, is sympathetic to both the intelligence and defense establishments, and remains startlingly indulgent toward government secrecy. Yet he won in Massachusetts by campaigning not only against détente and "forced busing," but also in great detail on traditional issues like jobs and unemployment, taxes and housing, energy policy and prices. In the process, he drew support from both moderate and liberal Democrats. To the extent that Soviet behavior around the world may seem to validate his oft-stated apprehensions about Russian intentions, he will appear more and more to be in the Democratic mainstream.

Finally, polls taken in advance of the two early primaries by the *Boston Globe* showed Morris Udall, the runner-up in both contests, with a broader range of acceptability than any of his competitors. He is on few people's "can't support" list. Udall's vote, however, was comprised mainly of suburban liberals, the well-educated and the well-off. (In this regard also it is interesting to note that he drew strongly in predominantly Jewish districts despite the press cliché that Jackson had these voters all locked up.) As the anointed liberal and freed of serious competition on the left, Udall may feel inclined to blunt the cutting edge of his campaign, to strike a less forward posture, to downplay the more controversial opinions he shares with his original backers. Such a strategy would be very dangerous to his effort, jeopardizing the commitments that have brought him this far and making him less distinguishable from other aspirants who—all things being equal, which they should not be—may appeal more to the still powerful party bosses in the big states.

This year there has been a good deal more self-consciousness in the media about over-interpreting primary results, and the outcomes are still too murky and contradictory to justify many firm projections into the future. New Hampshire, reputedly a conservative state, gave more than 60 percent of its vote to candidates generally thought to be liberal; a week later, Massachusetts voters, purportedly the nation's most liberal by virtue of their support for George McGovern in 1972 and other litmus tests, returned a similar proportion for the moderate and conservative contenders. Another paradox is that Jimmy Carter, the New Hampshire winner, allegedly rode home on an anti-Washington tide; then Massachusetts went for Henry Jackson, who campaigned on his record and on experience gained during 30 years in the nation's capital.

Analysis became a little unrestrained after the Massachusetts primary, however, when one network closed its election night broadcast suggesting that the results indicated that America's voters have turned

toward the right, that "the electorate is more conservative today than at any time since pre-New Deal days." It is conceivable that it may turn out that way in the end, but we're quite sure that the results thus far do not sustain so sweeping a conclusion.

Though some of the news was good for progressive Democrats not all of it was. The GOP has apparently resolved not to default this election with a suicidal mission headed by Ronald Reagan. The Democrats will have to fight for this one, and fight hard.

White House Watch

Two For the Road

Here are some notes on the campaign performances of President Ford and Ronald Reagan, with special attention to Reagan because his try for the Republican nomination deserves substantive discussion that it has not previously been accorded in this space.

During three days on the road with Reagan in New Hampshire and New York City, before the New Hampshire primary, and three days with Gerald Ford in Florida, this reporter found the audiences and their reactions to the candidates at least as interesting as the candidates were. This was particularly true of Reagan and of his impact upon his audiences.

The Reagan observed in New Hampshire was the masterful communicator that he'd been touted to be. But there were some odd and generally unnoticed aspects of the communication during the New Hampshire-New York phase. Although Reagan appeared to be in remarkably good shape for a 65-year-old fellow, he was noticeably tired at the start of the two mornings that he was observed after a day and evening on the road. He seemed to gather vigor as the days proceeded. The days and evenings weren't really as hard as the schedules made them seem to be. It was evident that Reagan's tour managers guarded his energies as carefully as Bob Haldeman used to guard Richard Nixon's in the White House and on the road. There was no turning up at factory gates at 7 or even 6 am, as some of the Democratic contenders were doing. Reagan's days began at a civilized hour, never before 8 o'clock, and "staff time" was set aside in the late afternoons and early evenings. Reagan's hard-bitten and thoroughly professional press secretary, Lyn (for Franklyn) Nofziger, insisted that the candidate's managers had no need to conserve his strength and that they actually were "working him like hell." The sensitivity was more revealing than the assertion.

The pattern of the audiences arranged for Reagan was also interesting. With one exception during the period in discussion, they were small groups of evidently committed supporters and school audiences

composed mostly of teenagers and teachers. The exception was a general-audience meeting at the state university in Durham for one of Reagan's question-and-answer dialogues with citizens. President Ford had drawn about three times as many people to the same auditorium two nights before Reagan appeared. A raucous gang of young scruffies, billing themselves as representatives of the People's Bicentennial Commission and similar in age and behavior to the anti-war demonstrators of the Johnson and Nixon years, did Mr. Ford the favor of arousing audience sympathy for him. They'd had several previous encounters with Reagan and on this occasion seemed to be weary of the game, listless and bored with themselves, and so in a negative way they contributed to a tepid affair.

One of the unkind things being said by Stuart Spencer and William Roberts, the California campaign specialists who managed Reagan's sensationally successful runs for governor in 1966 and 1970 and are working now for President Ford, is that the articulate and seemingly outgoing Reagan is actually an introverted loner who detests crowds and "crowd situations." He seemed to be at ease with his New Hampshire crowds and to enjoy the appearances. At Durham after a short speech and a lengthy question-answer session, he invited his hearers to file by him for a handshake, a little conversation, and autographs, and in several instances spent minutes in earnest talk with individuals. He never plunged into crowds and "pressed the flesh" in the frenetic fashions of Johnson, Nixon, Ford. Florida news accounts of his final appearances in that state, where victory in its March 9 primary had become vital to his survival after his marginal loss in New Hampshire, noted small crowds and half-filled halls. In New Hampshire, that facet of the Reagan tours was intended and contrived and never explained.

The reaction of the high and prep school audiences in New Hampshire was both interesting and depressing. Reagan chose Phillips Exeter Academy, of all institutions, for a fierce and carefully prepared attack upon the Ford administration's policies of accommodation with the Soviet Union and Communist China, its alleged propensity for giving away far more than it was even trying to get in strategic arms negotiations with the Soviet Union, and its readiness—inherited from the Nixon administration and set forth in the Shanghai Communiqué of 1972—to dump the nationalist Republic of China on Taiwan at some undefined future stage. Each of these points, along with implied attacks on Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and a strong suggestion that Gerald Ford had been lying to the American public about the real nature and consequences of his foreign policies, brought many of the students to their feet, screaming and applauding. Public school students, all white in every instance observed for this report, were sent into transports of applause, clapping and stomping, by Reagan's denunciations of "forced busing to achieve racial balance" and of

proposals to control the sale and ownership of handguns. The adult audiences were aroused to peaks of approval by Reagan's promises to reduce the power of the federal courts to interfere with local preferences and practices and, in general, to get the federal government "off the backs" of state and local governments.

The foregoing brings us to Reagan's famous \$90 billion goof and his effort to extract himself from the hole that he dug with it. At the risk of expulsion from the company of respectable journalists, I herewith gallop to Ronald Reagan's defense in one important matter. He was widely reported to have said in a speech in Chicago on September 26 that the transfer from federal to state governments of responsibility for "welfare, education, housing, food stamps, Medicaid, community and regional development, and revenue sharing, to name a few. . . would reduce the [annual] outlay of the federal government by more than \$90 billion, using the spending levels of fiscal 1976." Well, he did say it, but most of the subsequent reports and interpretations had him saying *only* that. When I first heard him say in New Hampshire that his critics "neglected to say" that he'd actually proposed transfer to state governments of the federal "resources" necessary to finance the programs, I assumed that he was faking. He wasn't. The text of his Chicago speech shows that he preceded the passage just quoted in part with the following sentence—with emphasis added: "What I propose is nothing less than a systematic transfer of authority *and resources* to the states—a program of creative federalism for America's third century." It was Reagan's fault that the reference to "resources" was so brief and casual that it went practically unnoticed. A "fact sheet" issued with the text was so full of budgetary absurdities that it's been withdrawn and suppressed by the Reagan people. Otherwise critical commentators have conceded, however, that the proportion of federal and state responsibility for social programs is a valid issue and that Reagan, despite the flaws in his original proposal, did a service in raising it. Martin Anderson, a conservative young urbanologist who was one of the Nixon staff's best members in its first, best years, joined the Reagan staff in November to help Reagan out of the \$90-billion hole and to inject some needed sense and sophistication into related Reaganisms. When Anderson says that the transfer or relinquishment of some federal revenue sources to the states is possible and practicable and that the modified Reagan proposal is not sheer demagoguery, I listen with a respect that I do not automatically grant to anything said by Ronald Reagan.

This piece was written when President Ford and his people were struggling to contain and conceal their increasing belief that Ronald Reagan was about to become a past-tense candidate. They were trying to contain and conceal it because, as Ford campaign

manager Howard ("Bo") Callaway kept saying, for President Ford Committee workers in Florida and Illinois, where he was scheduled to campaign next, to conclude that the race was as good as won "would be disastrous." Yet, as a reporter who has never had any faith in his perceptions of crowds and their attitudes, I must admit that there was something infectious and suggestive of growing Ford support in the crowds drawn by the President in Florida on February 28-29. The trip provided a mixed display of repellent demagoguery and attractive folksiness—demagoguery in the President's foolishly unqualified statement to 1078 newly naturalized Cubans that "this administration will have nothing to do with the Cuba of Fidel Castro"; folksiness in the "Gee, it's wonderful to be with you wonderful people" note that Mr. Ford sustained throughout a 14-stop motorcade from Palm Beach to Ft. Lauderdale, mostly in pouring rain. The rain kept down the crowds, to the initial dismay of the President's official party. But the hundreds who turned out despite it in the smaller places (Briney Breezes, for instance) and the thousands in larger towns may have been a *bigger plus for the President than the large crowds that appeared to hear him, smile with and at him, and beg for a handshake or a baby-kiss during the sunny Sunday that followed. Soaked, rumpled, hair askew, Mr. Ford said at one point on the rainy Saturday, "I don't look very good but I think I'm a darned good President." One didn't have to agree with him to take pleasure in his pleasure with the crowds, himself, and his prospects.*

John Osborne

Mercenary Psychiatry

It is difficult to say whose behavior in the Patty Hearst trial is more distasteful—the defendant's, her lawyers', or her psychiatrists'. However, some revelations about the antics of the alienists have at least injected an amusing note into the repellent proceedings. These disclosures have also added a few fresh facts to the story, a commodity in notoriously short supply in dramatic criminal trials.

In June 1975, before Patty Hearst was apprehended, Dr. Louis J. West, chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of California at Los Angeles, wrote a letter to Patty Hearst's parents telling them not to despair "because she might be restored to health" if she was returned to them alive; and advising them that "powerful legal and medical arguments can be mobilized in her defense."

Such testimony-chasing by a psychiatrist is no more surprising than is ambulance-chasing by a lawyer. Each has a sacred professional duty to protect his client's

"best interests." And what better way is there to do this than by finding a client who doesn't even know he has any interests that need protecting.

There is, however, an important distinction between psychiatrists and lawyers, at least in the eyes of the courts and the public. The lawyers are seen, correctly, as gladiators, hired to do battle for their client. The psychiatrists are seen, incorrectly, as experts, impartially testifying about the truth, or at least about their "expert opinion" about it. It is, after all, just this fact that defines the psychiatrist's role in the courtroom: he is neither judge, nor prosecutor, nor defense attorney, nor ordinary witness; he is an "expert witness." True to form, according to the newspaper reports of the trial, even after his testimony-chasing tactics were exposed in court, West, the supposedly impartial expert, "vehemently denied that he showed bias toward the Hearst family by writing them letters of sympathy and advice." As he did for Patty Hearst's behavior, West had an "explanation" for his own, too: "I wrote to them," he said, "as one parent to another." How touching. The fact that the Hearsts are rich and powerful obviously had nothing to do with it. I suppose one has to be an orthodox psychiatrist to believe that.

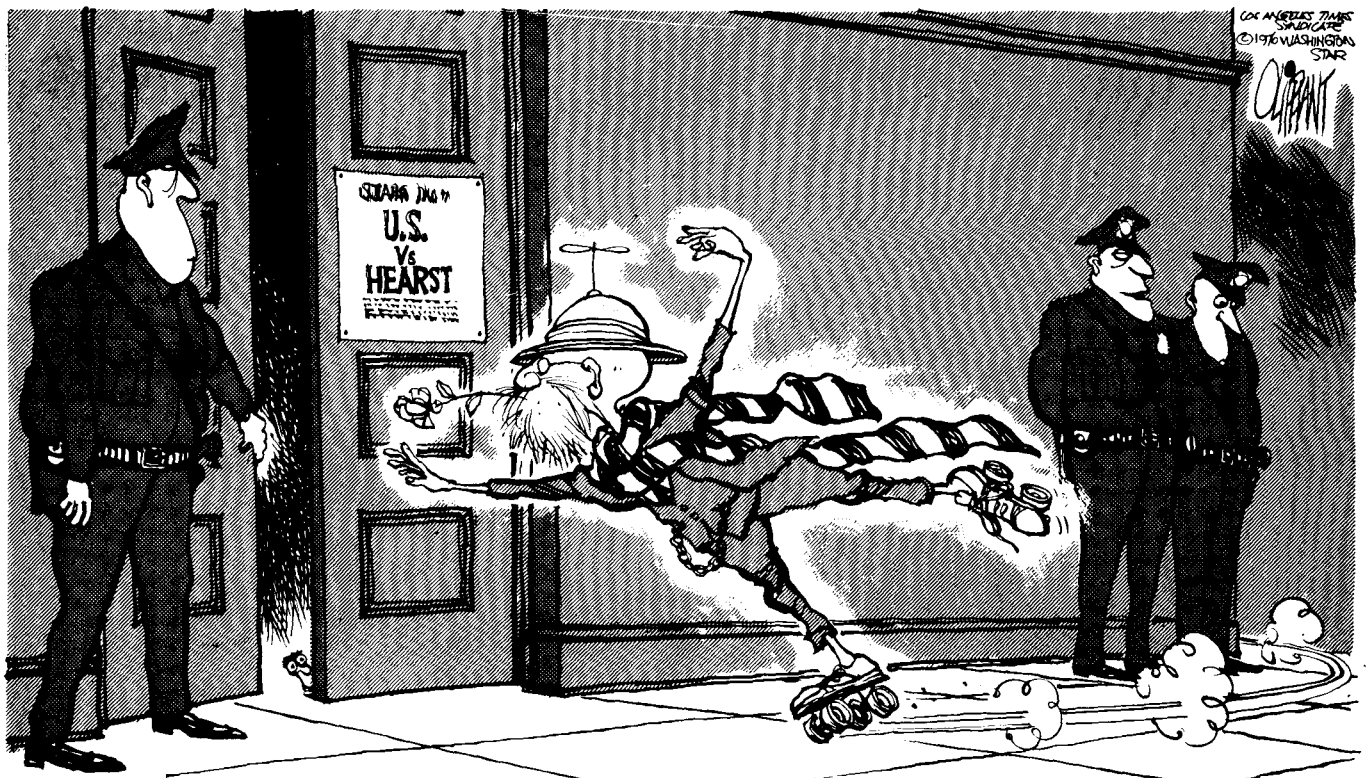
The performance of another defense psychiatrist exuded the same odor of arrogant self-advertisement. Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, professor of psychiatry at Yale University, testified (as he was quoted as saying by *The New York Times*) that Patty Hearst "came under the category that I wrote about in my book of the obviously confused about what had happened to her." In the style characteristic of the courtroom psychiatrist, he thus

makes Hearst into a "case" about whose conduct he, the "brainwashing expert," knows more than does the "patient" herself. Such psychiatric self-flattery is acquired at the expense of the "patient's" self-esteem, not to mention, in this case, her father's money.

The comparison between the people "brainwashed" in Chinese captivity and Patty Hearst is, moreover, contrived, to say the least. The former lived in the most closed of societies, with no opportunity to walk away from their captors; the latter lived, during most of her alleged captivity, in the most open of open societies, with an opportunity not only to walk away from her captors, but also to make use, as she is now doing, of the resources of an influential and wealthy family.

A serious inconsistency between what Lifton told the court and what he told Steven Weed further impugns the validity, and even the veracity, of his testimony. Toward the end of his "search" for Patty, Weed remembers "telling Lifton that, given who Patty was and what had happened to her, there was really no other path she could have taken." And Lifton replied: "I think that's the definition of tragedy." Oedipus Rex and King Lear were tragic heroes. Does Lifton claim that they were not responsible for their actions? And if they were, and if Miss Hearst is a tragic heroine, then why does he claim that she is not responsible for her actions? It's only too obvious why.

To be sure, there is nothing new about the fact—perhaps I should call it the "contention"—that forensic psychiatrists sell their testimony for cash, and for other considerations. Still, it remains remarkably unappreciated how disastrous the consequences of this



'And now the defense calls the psychiatrists . . .'

psychiatrization of the law have been for virtually every segment of American society, except the mental health establishment. More than a hundred years ago, this corruption was denounced by the managers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, who were moved, in their 1873 annual report to the legislature, to offer this warning:

It may not be amiss to observe that this matter of the testimony of experts, especially in cases of alleged insanity, has gone to such an extravagance that it has really become of late years a profitable profession to be an expert witness, at the command of any party and ready for any party, for a sufficient and often an exorbitant fee.

Unfortunately, when Santayana warned that "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it," he did not count on the psychiatrists, who, like other Orwellian totalitarians, rewrite history, so that there is nothing left to remember. Thus I am bitterly opposed to forensic psychiatry not merely because it is a fraud, but rather because it is so profoundly inimical to the loftiest moral principles of Anglo-American criminal law. Those principles, summed up by the phrase "the Rule of Law," are, simply put, to acquit the innocent and to convict and punish the guilty, giving the defendant the benefit of the doubt, and the prosecution the burden of proving guilt. This sounds simple enough, and it would be without psychiatry. Psychiatry corrupts this process by confusing the issues—especially in much publicized cases of violent crime. The fundamental issue in such a case is whether the accused did or did not commit the acts with which he or she is charged. Forensic psychiatrists—masquerading as medical doctors, which technically they are, but actually are not—cannot add one iota to the accurate and fair determination of such facts. But

they can take away a great deal from this process. How? By offering strategically contrived speculations, disguised as medical determinations, about the "mental condition" and "responsibility" of the defendant.

In criminal trials such as the Hearst case, there are two types of psychiatrists: excusers and incriminators. The former, hired by the defense, are paid to offer psychiatric prevarications that tend to excuse the accused. The latter, hired by the prosecution, are paid to offer psychiatric prevarications tending to incriminate the accused. If a psychiatrist is unwilling to offer such testimony, he is not hired. To the extent that West or other defense psychiatrists claim that they are not excusing, protecting, or trying to help Hearst, they are deceiving the public. Similarly, to the extent that prosecution psychiatrists maintain that they are not accusing, incriminating, or trying to harm Hearst, they are equally disingenuous.

It is instructive and ironic to recall in this connection that this is not the first time that the paths of the Hearst family and forensic psychiatry have crossed. More than 50 years ago William Randolph Hearst had offered Sigmund Freud \$25,000 or anything he named to come to Chicago to "psychoanalyze" Leopold and Loeb. This offer, explains Ernest Jones in his biography of Freud, was made so that Freud could "presumably demonstrate that they [the murderers] should not be executed." To his credit, Freud, though in straitened circumstances, declined the offer.

West, on the other hand, seems to have solicited, and eagerly accepted, the opportunity to testify in the Hearst trial. Perhaps he and Dr. Lifton know something about human behavior that Freud didn't. In any case, at least they and their colleagues are presumably recouping some of the financial loss that psychiatry suffered when Freud refused an earlier Hearst offer.

Thomas Szasz

An Oriana Fallaci Interview

The CIA's Mr. Colby

Oriana Fallaci, the Italian journalist, spent "one long Friday morning and a long Sunday afternoon" in February interviewing former CIA Director William Colby at his home in Washington. She regards the

encounter as an "exhausting and nasty fight" between spy and victim. But it was a strange fight. While her voice "trembled with rage," Colby was unperturbed—cool, controlled, polite—as he answered her ac-

cusations. She thought she saw anger occasionally in his blue eyes, but "his lips did not stop smiling, his hands would not stop pouring coffee in my cup."

Oriana Fallaci: The names, Mr. Colby. The names of those bastards who took CIA money in my country. Italy isn't some banana republic of the United Fruit Company, Mr. Colby, and it isn't right that the shadow of suspicion covers a whole political class. Don't you think that Mr. Pertini, the president of the Italian Parliament, should have those names?

William Colby: No, because our House has said by vote that those reports must remain secret. CIA should protect its associates and people who work for them. Of course the decision to give or not to give those names does not depend on CIA; it depends on the government of the United States and I am not speaking for my government; I'm speaking for CIA. But my judgment is no; my recommendation would be no. No names. It's the only thing I can do to maintain my agreement with the people I worked with. . . Those who feel covered by the shadow that you talk about only have to stand up and deny [involvement]. They only have to say, "It isn't true, we didn't get the money." It's fine with me. I cannot sacrifice somebody for this theory that somebody is under suspicion. I have promised those men to keep the secret and I must maintain it because, if I break my promise, when I go to someone new he'll say that my promise is no good. Why don't you ask the Soviet government for the names of the Communists who take Moscow's money in Italy? The Soviets are doing exactly the same.

Fallaci: We'll talk later about the Russians, Mr. Colby. Now let's talk about CIA. Tell me, please, if I came here, as a foreigner, and financed an American party, and 21 of your politicians, and some of your journalists, what would you do?

Colby: You would be doing an illegal thing and, if I found it out, I would report it to the FBI and have you arrested.

Fallaci: Good. So I should report you and your agents and your ambassadors to the Italian police and have you all arrested.

Colby: I won't say that.

Fallaci: Why not? If it is illegal that I come here to corrupt your politicians, it is as illegal that you come there and corrupt my politicians.

Colby: I am not saying that you would corrupt. I am saying that it is against our law for you to come and do that.

Fallaci: It is also against mine, Mr. Colby! And I'll tell you more: there is only one human type that is more disgusting than the

corrupted one. It is the corruptor.

Colby: We don't corrupt at CIA. You may have a problem with corruption in your society but it was in existence long before CIA got there. Saying that we corrupt is like saying that we give money to do things for us. That isn't why we give money. We give money to help somebody to do what he wants and cannot do because he hasn't enough money. We are basically supporting the democratic countries and, of all the countries that should understand this, Italy should. Because the American assistance in Italy helped it from becoming an authoritarian Communist state for 30 years. . .

Fallaci: Your clients, as you call them in the Pike report. Tell me, Mr. Colby, what do you mean by the word "clients"?

Colby: Well. . . what is an attorney doing when he deals with a client? An attorney helps a client.

Fallaci: I see! You consider yourself the attorney of the Christian Democrats and of the Social Democrats in Italy.

Colby: Right. Well, no. . . I will not comment about any particular situation.

Fallaci: Why? Had you answered with a lie when saying "right"?

Colby: I don't lie! And I suffer when they accuse me of lying. . . Sometimes I refuse to give information; sometimes I keep a secret; but never lie. My Congress won't let me, my press either. The head of intelligence in America cannot say that it is not true when it's true. Our intelligence is under the law, not outside the law. Anyway, I want to put a question to you: would it have been right or not if America had helped the democratic parties against Hitler?

Fallaci: Here is my answer, Mr. Colby. There is no Hitler in Italy. And the \$800,000 that Ambassador Graham Martin wanted to give to Gen. Vito Miceli, with Kissinger's blessing, did not end up in democratic hands. It ended up in the hands of Hitler's followers, the neofascists.

Colby: I will not discuss any specific CIA operation. First, I have great respect for Ambassador Martin. We have been together in different parts of the world and I have always found him a very strong ambassador, always taking positions and responsibilities in the interest of the United States. Secondly, I believe that in this kind of activity CIA can have a view and the government can have another. It is up to the President to decide. In any of these kinds of operations, CIA follows the directions of its government. . . . Until a year ago, the President could call the head of CIA and say to him: "Do that and don't tell anybody."

Fallaci: Good, good. So it was really Nixon, with Kissinger of course, who wanted to give that money to Miceli. If you see them, please thank them for the bombs that neofascists built with that

money.

Colby: I cannot talk about that. I don't know. But I know that neofascists in your country represent only eight percent and I know that the real threat in Italy comes from the Communists. Since the end of World War II we have been helping the various democratic forces against the Communist threat. And this lasted for 25, no, 30 years.

Fallaci: And the result of that help, Mr. Colby, is that the Communists are now at the borders of government. Let's be honest: do you think all that money was well spent? Do you think that your intelligence has been acting intelligently?

Colby: Usually we don't spend money for foolishness. And you cannot judge things from one factor alone, like the last elections in Italy. Maybe American activities in Italy haven't been perfect, since World War II, but they have been useful. Yes, positive. This includes NATO, the Marshall Plan, CIA. When I was in Rome, in 1953, people were riding Vespas. Now they are in cars. You live better today than you would have lived if you had had a Communist government in 1948. Or in 1960. The average Italian has a better life than the average Pole. So the American policies have not been a mistake in Italy. We did a good job. In Italy you always see things catastrophically. In 1955 Italians said that Italy was going to collapse, that the government was no good, hopeless. Now I hear the same words I heard in 1955. But you did not collapse then and you will not collapse now because there are good Italians.

Fallaci: Not certainly those who serve you as clients, Mr. Colby.

Colby: I'm talking of the ordinary people.

Fallaci: Tell me, Mr. Colby. Who was the man that you liked best when you lived in Italy?

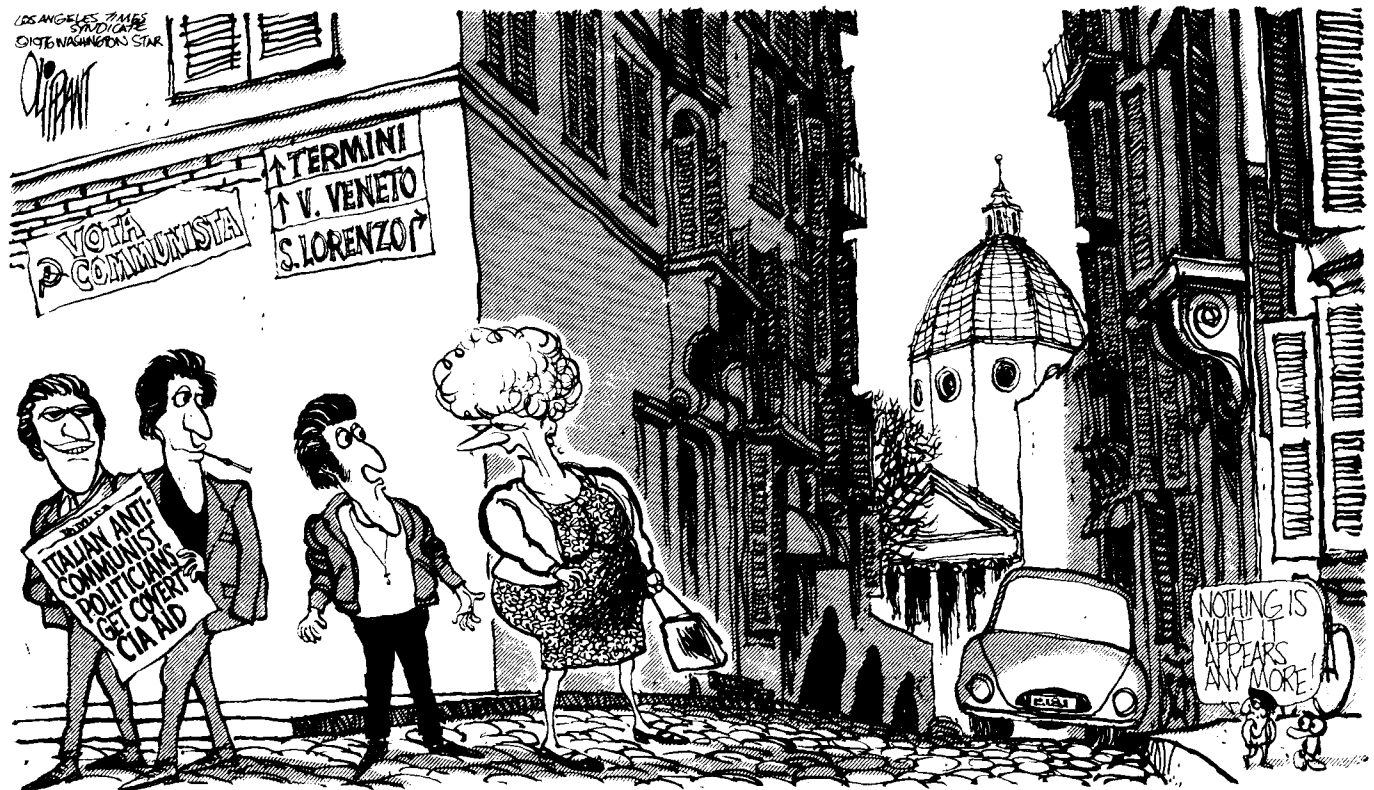
Colby: De Gasperi, I would say. But I cannot mention names. I must not. Besides I did not know many people. I was a junior officer, I was interested in collecting information . . . because I spoke Italian. But I can tell you that yes, I was for an opening to the left at that time. I mean to the Socialists. I respected them; I still do because the Socialists are Western Europeans. They are liberal; they are not authoritarian as the Communists are. They can be trusted.

Fallaci: To what extent did your work take place within the American embassy? Does it still?

Colby: Very much. Sure. I used to work a lot with the embassy. I was political attaché. We always work with the embassies. Most information we get through our embassies, of course.

Fallaci: But it isn't only through embassies that CIA works abroad. We all know that SID (Italian Secret Service) is the pied-à-terre of CIA in Italy. Now tell me, Mr. Colby, what right do you have to spy on me at home and use the secret service of my country? What right do you have, for instance, to control my telephone there?

Colby: I get news from around the world. There is nothing wrong with trying to understand what is happening in the world, what people are doing or thinking. It isn't a matter of invading others' privacy. It's a matter of looking to see if you have a pistol to



'Hands Off, Sweetheart—I'm CIA!'

shoot me or another weapon to hurt me, and prevent it. You ask if a nation has the right to conduct clandestine intelligence activities in other nations? Well, there is a law in every country that says no, and almost every country does it. So do I have the right to try to find out what happens in order to protect my country? Yes, I morally have it. Though it is illegal.

Fallaci: Let's see if I have understood you. You're saying that it is illegal yet legitimate to spy on me in my country even through the secret service of my country. . .

Colby: It depends. Sometimes another intelligence agency will help you. It depends on a country's policy. Sometimes two countries have a mutual interest and they are very close to their allies and very concerned about penetration, so we work together.

Fallaci: As I said. Now tell me, is it or isn't it true that your best operation with SID was the case of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana? [Allegedly, the CIA and SID had cooperated in placing an Italian colonel close to Svetlana and charged with bringing her out of Russia.]

Colby: I couldn't tell. I have said . . . that we must not tell about our associates nor about our relationship with foreign intelligence services because if we talk about them they will not trust us anymore. An intelligence service cannot talk about its associates. You cannot imagine how much these leaks hurt around the world. A lot, a lot. There are people now saying: my goodness, can I have anything to do with you, can I trust my life to you, my job, or will you tell it to your Congress and leak it? People turned away from us, people who had been working with us said no, I am not staying with you anymore. Even other international intelligence services have said no, we used to give you very secret material but we are not going to give it to you anymore. We lost a few agents because of the fear that the secret wouldn't be kept.

Fallaci: Only agents or clients also?

Colby: Those too. Some have said, don't give me anything anymore because you will reveal it. People who were new and people who were old clients. They felt betrayed. We have fought very hard at CIA to keep those names, you know. Very hard. And we have won, I must say. But the publicity has hurt us all the same. These things do not happen with KGB. You have quite a few KGB agents in Italy and there are many Italians working for KGB of course. Yet nobody asks KGB to make those names public. One finds all these wrongs about CIA, and KGB—nobody accuses them.

Fallaci: You're wrong, Mr. Colby. We don't want either you or them. We are sick and tired of you both.

Colby: Fine, fine. Americans and the Soviets help about

the same in Italy. All the material that goes back and forth to the Soviet Union passes through agencies that give a percentage to the Italian Communist party. A good system. Complicated yet good. What would you say if a percentage of all American trade went to one party?

Fallaci: You don't need that, Mr. Colby. It's CIA that takes care of that, and your ambassadors like Graham Martin, and Lockheed and Gulf. . . .

Colby: Wonderful how you rationalize and indirectly conclude that they are just nice fellows, just marvelously good people. In Poland. . . if they don't want to do what the Soviets want them to do, a delegation comes from Moscow, and it sits with the Central Committee of the party, and says that they better behave. Would you like Italy to be run like that? But suppose that the Communists are clean. And because of that you let them run the government? Are you going to run that risk, letting them run the government? Name a country that has been Communist and has then changed from Communism. Name one! Name one!

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, what would you do to us if the Communists win the elections in Italy?

Colby: Name a country! Name one!

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, would you punish us with a coup as in Chile?

Colby: Name a country. Just one! Romania? Poland? Czechoslovakia, Hungary?

Fallaci: Please answer my question, Mr. Colby. Another Chile?

Colby: And suppose there is not another election? The way it happened with Hitler and Mussolini? Don't you understand that they played at the democratic game all these years because they were a minority? Do you really think that when they are on the top they will still go on being democratic?

Fallaci: You could be right. Yet I remind you that it is you Americans who throw the countries into the arms of Communists, always. You who buy and corrupt and protect all the Fascists in the world. America, Mr. Colby, is the biggest factory of Communists in the whole world.

Colby: I don't accept that and I say that you are speaking out of your own ideological bias.

Fallaci: As you like. But tell me please: according to the information you had as director of CIA, do you see any difference between the Communist party of Cunhal and the Communist parties of Carillo, of Marchais, of Berlinguer?

Colby: The Italian Communist party is trying to build a bridge between the Soviet way and the Western way of life, trying to live in both camps. There is an ambivalence in them that the French and the Spanish

have just followed. The Italian Communist party has always pretended to be very revolutionary . . . at the same time it pretends to be very Italian . . . And if you ask me "Do you trust Mr. So and So when he says he is for pluralism," I answer: it is not a matter of trust in the individuals. It is a matter of political imperatives. At this time, with Western Europe reasonably united and strong and protected by American interests, the political imperative for the Communists is to join Western Europe, to be a part of it. But if the political imperative changes, if you have economic problems in Western Europe, or a change of leadership in the Soviet Union, their political imperative could change. And they could become more authoritarian and more loyal to the Soviets.

Fallaci: Recently the Italian Communist party and the French Communist party, and the Spanish Communist party have clearly attacked the Soviet Union.

Colby: This is easy to do. They did it also in 1968 on Czechoslovakia. But they also support the Soviet Union in many situations, and they continue to have a good relationship with them. Their policy is that there shouldn't be NATO or the Warsaw Pact. But the easiest thing is to eliminate NATO. It is hard to eliminate the Warsaw Pact. And their policy is to reduce Italy's contribution to NATO. They say, well, we will get to the Warsaw Pact later. But what do you think the degree of collaboration would be between the Italian military and the American military, between the Italian government and the American government if you had a Communist prime minister? I have no doubt that there would be great difficulties.

Fallaci: Perhaps. And I insist you answer the question. What would the Americans do to us if the Communists came to power in Italy?

Colby: I don't know. This is the policy of the United States. I don't know.

Fallaci: Sure you know. Another Chile?

Colby: Not necessarily. This is an hypothetical question I cannot answer. It depends on so many factors. It could be nothing, it could be something, it could be some mistake.

Fallaci: Some mistake like Chile? Come on, Mr. Colby. Do you think it would be legitimate for the United States to intervene in Italy with a Pinochet if the Communists came to power?

Colby: I don't think I can answer that question. Your Pinochet is not in America. He's in Italy.

Fallaci: I know. But he needs you. Without you, he can do nothing. Mr. Colby, I am trying to make you admit that Italy is an independent state, not a banana republic, not a colony of yours. And you don't admit it. I am also trying to explain to you that you cannot be the policemen of the world. Chiaro?

Colby: Chiaro ma sbagliato. After World War I we said that the war had been wrong and badly fought, and we had a period of innocence. We reduced our army to something smaller than the Romanian army, 150,000, and we decided to have an open diplomacy, and the Secretary of State dissolved the intelligence service saying that gentlemen don't read others' mail. And we thought that we were going to live in a world of gentlemen, and that we wouldn't involve ourselves any more in foreign affairs. Then we had problems rising in Europe. But we did not intervene. And we had problems in Manchuria, it was too far away. But we did not intervene. Then Spain. And we were neutral. But it did not work very well, no, and we had economic problems; authoritarian leaders who believed they could dominate their neighbors. And then came World War II. And after World War II we did as we had done. In 1945 we dissolved our intelligence service, the OSS, and we said: peace again. But the cold war started and it was obvious that Stalin was . . . becoming a threat in Greece, in Turkey, in Iran. And we learned the lesson. And we applied the lesson. We collected our security again, and we attempted to contain the expansionist Soviet Union through NATO and through the Marshall plan and through CIA. Liberals and conservatives together, both of us convinced that we had to help. I was one of those liberals. I had been a radical when I was a boy and . . .

Fallaci: For Christ's sake! How could you change that much?

Colby: Clemenceau said that he who is not a radical when he is young has no heart; he who is not conservative when he's old has no brain. But let me go on. NATO worked. The containment of Soviet expansionism worked. The subversive plans of the Communists were frustrated. It wasn't the right against the left. It was a democratic solution. We decided that we would go any distance to fight for freedom. And in the course of this there were some situations in which local leaders were somewhat authoritarian or more authoritarian than people liked.

Fallaci: From Gen. Franco to Caetano, from Diem to Thieu, from Papadopoulos to Pinochet, without counting all the Fascist dictators in Latin America, the Brazilian torturers for instance. And so, in the name of freedom, you became the supporters of all those who killed freedom on the other side.

Colby: Like in World War II when we supported Stalin's Russia against a greater threat. We work now in the same way we worked with him then. In the '50s wasn't communism the biggest threat? If you support some authoritarian leader against a Communist threat, you leave the option that the authoritarian state could become democratic in the future. With the Communists, the future offers no hope. I mean, I don't see any scandal in certain alliances. One makes an alliance in order to face a bigger threat. My government

recognizes Pinochet's Chile as the legitimate government. True. But don't I accept that 200 million Russians live under Soviet Communism? Pinochet is not going to conquer the world. Nobody is worried about Pinochet.

Fallaci: I'll tell you who's worried about Pinochet, Mr. Colby. The Chileans, first, who are imprisoned and persecuted and tortured and killed by Pinochet. Secondly, those who really care about freedom. Thirdly, the countries that are afraid to become a second Chile. Like mine.

Colby: You're so wrong in choosing Chile. If you read carefully the Senate report on Chile . . . you'll find that from 1964 we helped the democratic center parties against a man who said that he was associated with Castro and the Communists. CIA had no part in overthrowing Allende in 1973. Read my denial in the Senate report when I say: "with the exception [of] about six weeks in 1970."

Fallaci: Sure. November 1970 when Nixon called Richard Helms and ordered him to organize a coup to overthrow Allende, who had just won the elections.

Colby: It only lasted six weeks . . . And we did not succeed . . . We had no part, later.

Fallaci: Really? Tell me about the financing of the strikes that ruined Allende's government, Mr. Colby. Tell me about the interventions through ITT.

Colby: Well, we gave a little bit of money, yes. A tiny amount that, I remember, was about \$10,000. We gave it through other people. I mean we gave it to a group that passed it to another . . . The rest of our program in Chile was to support the central democratic forces from the threat of the left. The Senate Committee has found no evidence against us, except in 1970. It wasn't our policy to overthrow Allende in 1973. We were looking to the elections of 1976 where we hoped the democratic forces would win. Certainly we did not help Allende but we are innocent of that coup. The coup came from the fact that Allende was destroying the society and the economy in Chile, from the fact that he was not acting democratically as the Supreme Court of Chile and the Congress of Chile and the controller general said when issuing statements that Allende was outside the constitution. Even the free press had been suppressed by Allende . . .

Fallaci: What, Mr. Colby, are you out of your mind? But you cannot falsify history like that. The opposition press tormented Allende till the end.

Colby: The opposition papers had lots of difficulties under him. And saying that Allende was democratic . . . well, it is your opinion. There are his own words when he said that he wanted to suppress opposition. He was an extremist. And an oppressor. I have good informa-

tion.

Fallaci: If all your information is like that, Mr. Colby, I understand why CIA makes itself ridiculous so often. But here is what I want to know from you who claim to fight in the name of democracy: having won the elections democratically, did Allende have the right to govern his country? Yes or no? . . . Don't be silent, Mr. Colby. Do answer, Mr. Colby.

Colby: Didn't Mussolini win elections? Didn't Hitler become the chancellor of Germany in an election?

Fallaci: This is what I call bad faith. You know very well that those were not free elections, Mr. Colby. And you cannot, just cannot, compare Allende with Mussolini and with Hitler. This is pure fanaticism, Mr. Colby!

Colby: I am not fanatic. I believe in a Western liberal democracy.

Fallaci: What? In what way? Through killing, Mr. Colby? Tell me about the murder of Gen. Schneider in Chile, Mr. Colby.

Colby: CIA had very little to do with the assassination of Gen. Schneider. Very little. It's written in the Senate report. Apparently the group that tried to kidnap Schneider wasn't the same group that received money from CIA. Your view of CIA is purely paranoiac. You behave like the American press when it got so excited about the Black Pistol [the poison dart gun]. We never used it. Never. It is you, the press, who give a false impression of CIA. Sure, somebody got killed in the course of our activities in the world! Our agents too got killed, and people on the other side. But no assassinations. I know those who work for me, I know them, and they are good Americans, real patriots who fight to protect their country. And it is their right, our right, to protect freedom in the world . . .

Fallaci: Why don't you take that right with Pinochet, Mr. Colby?

Colby: This is a matter of policy and it is up to the government to decide it. Each nation has a decision to make. You don't see it because you're being ideological in your logic. I am not being ideological, I am being rational and pragmatic. And, pragmatically, I say to you that it's up to the United States to decide where they want to help and where they don't. And it was our right to support the opposition to Allende as well as it is our right to help in Europe those who oppose the growth of communism. And CIA has done this for 30 years, I repeat, and does it well, and Italy is the best example.

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, you portray the CIA as an association of Boy Scouts mainly occupied reading books and speeches in some library. Let's be serious. To begin with, you are spies.

Colby: One moment. Yes, in the old image, intelligence used to be spying. Mata Hari and so on. Today intelligence is an intellectual process of assembling information from the press, radio, books, speeches.

Which is why we're called Central Intelligence Agency. All this information is centralized and studied by people who are specialists in various fields. And then there are electronics, computers, technology. In the last 15 years technology has so changed intelligence that we don't need to spy to get secrets to give to generals to win battles. Intelligence is far beyond that. It is a technological phenomenon. We used to wonder how many missiles the Soviets might have. Today we don't wonder; we count them . . .

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, CIA may be that partly. But it also is something worse, something dirtier. I mean a political force that secretly organizes coups d'état and plots and assassinations. A second government that punishes whoever is against the interests of the United States in the world. Spying is much nobler than that.

Colby: What you are talking about is five percent of our budget. Only five percent goes for any kind of political or paramilitary activity. And this is an activity that is necessary in the world we live in because a little help in some countries to some friends can avoid a serious crisis later. In the '50s this was 30 percent of our budget. In the '80s, if the world goes on facing totalitarian developments, we might go back to that 30 percent again or more. But now it is five percent, and all this excitement is about that five percent. Which is legitimate because isn't it easier than to defend ourselves with bombs and soldiers? Isn't it easier to help some political group?

Fallaci: Yes, but the point isn't financing here and there, or corrupting here and there to protect your interests that are not always noble interests. The point is the assassination of foreign leaders, Mr. Colby!

Colby: In 1973, long before this excitement started, I issued a directive against assassinations. I have turned down suggestions of assassinations on several occasions . . . saying that assassination is wrong. But there are people who will say to you that if Hitler had been assassinated in 1938, the world would be better.

Fallaci: Lumumba was not Hitler, Mr. Colby. Castro is not Hitler.

Colby: Well, Castro allowed the Soviet Union to place nuclear missiles in Cuba, which put American cities under nuclear threat.

Fallaci: And because of this you kill Castro.

Colby: In Italy, at the time of Renaissance, there were many people inside and outside the church who discussed the rights and wrongs of tyrannicide. And discussion had started long before the Renaissance; it isn't new. Yes, this assassination business did not occur in America yesterday, it's been a political tool for centuries. How did the princes die in the various states of Italy? How did Caesar die? Don't, as an Italian, stand on moral lessons on this. I don't accept moral lessons

from you.

Fallaci: Caesar was not killed by an American. He was killed by some Romans. The Medici, in the Renaissance, were killed by the Florentines not by Americans. And Pericles erected monuments to the Greek who killed the tyrant, not to the Americans who killed a Cuban in Cuba.

Colby: I tell you that this has always happened and I say that it is difficult for any country to give moral lessons to another.

Fallaci: By God, Mr. Colby! It is you who claim to be more moral than others. It is you who introduce yourselves as the Angel Gabriel sacrificing for democracy and freedom.

Colby: Maybe our morals are not perfect but they are better than others. American policy is regarded all through the world as a pillar of freedom. There are a few things, over 28 years, that we shouldn't have done. Like opening the mail. Yes, there was a period in the '50s when we opened the mail to and from the Soviet Union. And we shouldn't have done it, though one can understand why. There were Soviet spies running all over America. However we shouldn't have done it and . . .

Fallaci: Come on, Mr. Colby, I am not talking about opening letters! I am talking about murdering people!

Colby: CIA has never assassinated anybody. Including Diem. Saying that CIA does assassinations all the time is unfair. There were a few occasions in which we wanted to try, and none of them worked.

Fallaci: Even if you spoke the truth, Mr. Colby, which I doubt, isn't it shameful enough for CIA to plan such projects like Al Capone?

Colby: People do it all over the world. Lots of different countries, whether it's wise or not. Personally I was always against it. People came to me with such proposals and I said: "You will not do it." But I recall that Jefferson said: "The tree of freedom has to be watered every 20 years by the blood of tyrants."

Fallaci: In other words, once in a while is all right. Are you religious, Mr. Colby?

Colby: Sure I am. I'm a Catholic and a rigid one.

Fallaci: One of those who go to church every Sunday?

Colby: Yes, sure.

Fallaci: One of those who believe in Hell and in Paradise?

Colby: Yes, sure. I believe in everything the Church teaches.

Fallaci: One of those who love people as Jesus Christ wanted?

Colby: Yes, sure. I love people.

Fallaci: I see. Tell me about the Mafia; I mean the use CIA makes of the Mafia.

Colby: One case. Only one case. 1960 for Castro! After Castro took over Cuba there was some consideration given to working with some people who . . . whose friends were still in Cuba. Friends who had been in the Mafia and who would try to kill Castro. And it was very . . . well, it did not work. Allen Dulles and then [John] McCone were directors of CIA at that time. And McCone said later he did not know about it.

Fallaci: Bobby Kennedy knew. And that allows one to think that John Kennedy knew as well. Who is the more discredited by these revelations, CIA or the American presidents?

Colby: The revelations show that CIA was working as part of American policy. I mean, CIA was not a wild elephant, or a separate state or a state in the state, or a government in the government. And now that the country is going through a process of revisionism, CIA in a way is the scapegoat of that revisionism. The evidence that presidents wanted specific things is not very clear. In some cases it isn't even clear whether the president knew it or not. The facts simply indicate that CIA was operating within a policy that seemed to allow it to go in that direction.

Fallaci: Which means that, from Eisenhower to Nixon, none of them come out totally clean. What happened under Johnson? Oh, yes. Papadopoulos' coup in Greece.

Colby: CIA did not support the colonels' coup. No, it didn't. When the colonels ran Greece, we had a liaison for exchanging information, yes. We did not reject them, it's true, but we did not support them either. We just worked with them and the rest is myth. Dealing with authoritarian leaders doesn't mean to support them.

Fallaci: You are the one who opened up. Don't you ever regret that you told those things to the congressional committees? Could you have refused?

Colby: No, I don't think I could have. I don't think I would be allowed to. I did not have much choice. But certainly I don't regret having told the truth. There was no doubt in my mind. Not that I expected things to stay secret, but I did not appreciate the way those cases were sensationalized. The point is that there are some problems with living in a society as open as the American society. Just consider the case of Richard Welsh, the CIA officer they killed in Athens. An officer named John Mark wrote an article in a magazine here in Washington alleging that he could tell how to identify CIA people in the embassies. And he did so. An American. So they started the publication of names and we couldn't forbid it. We have very weak legislation in that sense, legislation that doesn't take care of the fact

that we cannot run serious intelligence unless we protect some of our secrets. And Welsh was killed by some terrorist. And it took Welsh's death to make people understand the problem, for the Congress to stop the Pike report's publication. And it was a great loss, the loss of Welsh. He was an extremely good officer.

Fallaci: Let's talk a while of the Pike report, Mr. Colby. Because, if in the Church report CIA sounds so bad, in the Pike report it looks rather ridiculous. Is it true as Pike remarked that, if America were to be attacked by another country, CIA would not know of it in advance?

Colby: The House Committee report is totally partial, totally biased, and done to give a false impression of CIA. The Church report, that is the assassination report and the Chile report, well . . . I think they were reasonably fair. Yes, fair reports. Also the Rockefeller commission's report is a fair report. Pike's report is not a fair report. And that Pike remark . . . it's nonsense. He did not publish things we did right. He chose what we had done wrong. For instance, in the spring of 1973 we told our government that, unless there is movement on a political level, there probably will be a war in Middle East. And we helped our government follow everything that was happening. On October 5th in the evening we made an assessment: "There are certain signs that indicate that there shouldn't be a war. In balance we think that there will not be a war." Well, this was a mistake. Why did we make that mistake after having given good advice? Well, we don't have a crystal ball, we don't know 100 percent what is going to happen.

Fallaci: Let's face it, Mr. Colby. Saying that war is not going to happen when it's about to happen doesn't reflect very well on what you portray as the "best intelligence in the world." Nor was it the only case. Take Portugal, for instance. You hadn't the vaguest idea that the army would overthrow Caetano.

Colby: We did know something, despite Pike's report. We knew that there was unrest and dissent in the army. We reported it. But, as with the Arab-Israeli war, one may know the general background and then make a mistake on little things. The fact is that Mr. Pike takes the little thing and applies it to the whole. It isn't true, as he says, that we had a total ignorance of the Portuguese situation . . . People see CIA under every sofa. People see CIA all the time, even in a contest for the best sheepdog. . . . We really haven't the time to be in every village. It is reasonable to think that, later, in Portugal, we had to work harder on what was happening.

Fallaci: A little help here, a little help there . . .

Colby: No comment. Not on Italy, not on Portugal, not on any specific country.

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, you don't want me to believe that Italy was the only country in Europe where CIA spent billions. Let's take

Germany . . .

Colby: You cannot compare things, they are quite different. Each country is a different case. We worry and have been worrying about all Europe of course. All of Europe is very important to the United States. And I don't think that Italy was the country where we had more work to do. But I will not comment on any specific operation. What I can say is that the place where CIA policy has been more successful is Western Europe. A real success program. I'm glad you did not mention Vietnam.

The fact about Vietnam is that we made some major mistakes, and the first mistake was to turn against President Diem. We did it, saying that he was too authoritarian, and, first of all, he was not. He was not a dictator. Secondly what did we get from opposing him? We got five years of instability. Only at the end of those five years did we have a reasonably steady government under President Thieu, who was very much like Diem. The next mistake we made in Vietnam was to fight a military war when the enemy was fighting a people's war. The technique in a people's war is to get people on your side, like the Communists were doing with a combination of nationalism and discipline. And they did it pretty well. Diem had begun a program to get people on his side in 1961 with the strategic hamlets. The overthrow of Diem was the end of that approach. Because of that we had to fight the war on a military level. Only in 1967 did we decide on the pacification program to get people on our side and. . .

Fallaci: It went so well that in 1968 you had to suffer the Tet offensive. Come on, Mr. Colby.

Colby: The pacification program really started in 1968—organizing the villages, having elections in the villages. Shortly after the Tet offensive the proposal was made to give guns to the people in the villages to defend themselves. And many people said that it was a bad idea because the people would give the guns to the Communists. But President Thieu decided to provide those guns, and he gave out 500,000 of them. And it worked. The people did not give them to the Communists. They did defend themselves. And then there was the economic aid, and you will agree when I say that there were no guerrillas in the 1972 attack.

Fallaci: Sure. You had exterminated them with the Phoenix program, Mr. Colby.

Colby: Now, you are wrong. They were not exterminated. They turned to their government. The Phoenix program did not exterminate. It was a necessary program to identify who the Communists were, who the leaders were. We were not interested in the followers. And the program was so organized in such a way that we had to have three different reports, not just one, to determine whether a man was a leader or a cadre or a follower. And we had limits on how long

a man could be kept in jail without a trial; the followers would have a maximum six-month sentence. Were you in Vietnam then?

Fallaci: I was in Vietnam in 1967, and 1968, and 1969, and 1970, and 1972, and in 1975, Mr. Colby, and I know enough about that dumb war to have a good fight with you about what you are saying. Please do not try to tell me stories as you did about Chile! The murders of your Phoenix program. . .

Colby: I lived continuously in Vietnam for seven years. I have worked on Vietnam for 12 years altogether. And I tell you that the Phoenix program was not a secret program. It was publicized with posters carrying the photos of leaders and saying. . . "and, Mr. Nguyen, if you want to come as a Chou Hoi, you may come in and you will not be punished." And a lot came.

Fallaci: Not a lot, Mr. Colby. A few, despised by everybody as cowards or deserters. Even the American soldiers rejected them. I remember being in the field in 1970, in the fishhook area, and. . .

Colby: 200,000 came.

Fallaci: And you won the war in Vietnam.

Colby: We did not lose the war. I mean, we won the guerrilla war, we lost the military war. Just as France had lost the military war. The fact is. . . Well, President Thieu expected the main attack to occur in 1976 when the Americans would be holding elections. So he had to save equipment for that time. And when the attack came in 1975 he decided to withdraw and return to a more restricted area in order to. . .

Fallaci: It was not a withdrawal, Mr. Colby! It was a shameful disordered flight, with the South Vietnamese generals trying only to save their lives and their property, with the soldiers killing civilians to scramble onto the planes and the helicopters. We all saw that. You cannot change history like that, Mr. Colby!

Colby: Listen, I know a lot about Vietnam. I'm writing a book about Vietnam too and. . .

Fallaci: Oh God! Will you write that you had the right to be there?

Colby: I have no doubt, even today, that we Americans had to be there. And when you say that it was none of our business you are saying that Manchuria was too far away.

Fallaci: Mr. Colby, why don't you talk about Watergate instead of Manchuria?

Colby: CIA had two contacts with Watergate. Just two. Howard Hunt used to work for CIA; he came to CIA with Ehrlichman's request. And CIA gave Howard Hunt a couple of things like that speech device. We also produced photographs for him. But we didn't know what Hunt was doing in that psychiatrist's office in Los Angeles. We did not know. And when Hunt asked for

several other things, CIA said no. We said: it isn't our business. The second connection we had was when the White House asked CIA to write a psychological profile of Ellsberg. And we did it. He was an American and we shouldn't have done it. They also tried to get us to stop the FBI investigation, but we said no.

Fallaci: OK, Mr. Colby, OK. Let's forget now this old bitterness of yours. There is another thing that puzzles me when you say that CIA is the best intelligence in the world. Is it really? Hasn't KGB been more successful than you?

Colby: Oh, no. Besides, it's so different, you can't compare. Most of the work of KGB, for instance, takes place inside the Soviet Union: they are the FBI, the CIA, the State police, the Carabinieri, everything. And most of its effort is there. Well, when they used to spy here they had some good operations, some very impressive ones. I mean the atom spies. When they recruited a young lady from the counterespionage section of our Department of Justice, for instance. She told them everything we knew about their spies, and this was a good operation indeed. And when they put a bug inside the shoe of one of our diplomats. That was very impressive too. Very. You know, those people are serving their government and I disagree with their philosophy, but about their professional side I must say that they can do a good job.

Fallaci: How interesting. I smell a touch of professional admiration in you.

Colby: Well . . . the fact that they can do a good job doesn't mean that . . . I mean, one must distinguish between the ability and the end. The ability may be good and the end may be bad. Our philosophical justification is a good end: the self-defense of our country. Theirs instead is . . .

Fallaci: . . . the self-defense of their country. Mr. Colby, who wanted you out of CIA? Was it Kissinger?

Colby: No. Kissinger has always been a great supporter of intelligence and, though sometimes I agree with Kissinger and sometimes I disagree, we are not enemies. Both Kissinger and Rockefeller have been nice to me, and I think that Kissinger has been a brilliant Secretary of State. I also say that he deserves another Nobel Prize for the Middle East. I am out of CIA because the President indicated that he wanted to offer me another job and . . . The President may have many reasons why he wants somebody else as head of CIA. It is his privilege. He is the President, not me. Make a change? Fine. Besides I knew it would happen. I had said many times that I would probably be replaced when this investigation came to an end. Then the President offered me many jobs, good jobs, but I said that I could help more if I write a book about what intelligence really is. As I am doing. One on CIA and one on Vietnam.

Fallaci: And you do not feel bitter.

Colby: Not at all. I do not feel like a scapegoat.

Fallaci: Do you feel relieved then?

Colby: Neither bitter nor relieved.

Fallaci: Sure. What could shake your icy imperturbability? You never show your emotions, do you?

Colby: I am not emotional, I admit it. Just a few things bother me. For instance, what happened when I was nominated and some people put posters around Washington—posters illustrated with a very poor picture of me, by the way. They called me a murderer. And my children had to live with that. But it didn't really bother me. Not much. Oh, don't watch me like that. You're looking for something underneath which isn't there. It's all here on the surface, believe me. There is nothing behind or underneath. There are not two or three layers. I told you: I'm religious, I'm conservative. . .

Fallaci: Do your children ever call you "reactionary" or worse?

Colby: No. We have different views. They were against the war in Vietnam. We discuss things at the dinner table. And I admit that . . .

Fallaci: . . . you like Nixon?

Colby: I voted for him. He appointed me. And I think that, in international politics, he did a splendid job. Splendid. Just think of China, of the SALT agreement.

Fallaci: Just think of Chile, of Cyprus. Mr. Colby, I'm exhausted. Only when I interviewed Cunha did I suffer as much as I did today with you.

Colby: Tell me, tell me: what kind of fellow is he?

Fallaci: I told you. In the end, a type like you.

Colby: What?

Fallaci: Yes, a priest like you. Oh, Mr. Colby! You'll never know how much you two resemble each other. Had you been born on the other side of the barricade, you would have been a perfect Stalinist.

Colby: I reject such a statement. But . . . well . . . it might be. No, no. It might not. And I am not a priest. At the most, I'm a puritan. Any other question?

Fallaci: Only one, Mr. Colby. Can I see the file that CIA keeps on me?

Colby: Under American law, you can write a letter to CIA and ask for anything they have on you. They must charge you a little, but then they will give it to you, unless they have some reason to keep it secret.

Fallaci: I think it is disconcerting. But everything you said was disconcerting, Mr. Colby. And very, very sad.

An Interview with Ali Bhutto

Confrontation Politics In the Indian Ocean

by Tad Szulc

That the Indian Ocean has strategic naval significance to East-West rivalries is not a novel concept. It has been increasingly obvious in recent years to the US and the Soviet Union as well as to the littoral nations. What is new, however, is the pace at which the Indian Ocean is becoming a truly critical area in international affairs as recent events have shown. These events range from what such governments as Pakistan and Iran perceive as a renewed Soviet effort at "hegemony" over the Indian Ocean—and China, of course, agrees with them—to a changing political picture in the Indian subcontinent. The latter includes a major shift in Bangladesh where the new leaders now seem disposed to seek close ties with Pakistan, five years after the secession war. India, whose new nuclear capability worries the Pakistanis, takes a dim view of these Bangladesh developments. India's own internal state of emergency since last year—Mrs. Indira Gandhi's dictatorship—further complicates international relationships. Indian-American relations are abominable, not only because of the Moscow-New Delhi friendship. New realities in Southern Africa, following the creation of a leftist-oriented state in Mozambique at the western end of the Indian Ocean and the outcome of the Angola civil war, are additional elements in the story. So are pro-Soviet influences in South Yemen and Somalia on the Red Sea, and new stirrings in the Persian Gulf.

The Indian Ocean was the topic of a lengthy conversation I had with Pakistan's Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, when he spent two days in New York late in February on an unofficial visit during which he held largely unpublicized conferences with Secretary of State Kissinger and United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. I also talked with other senior Pakistani officials, gaining from them the impression that while Pakistan is quite worried about the future, it remains ambivalent about the US role in the Third World, including, of course, the Indian Ocean region.

The Pakistani view is that while the US should resist Soviet attempts at "hegemony" in the Indian Ocean and beyond, Americans must not seek to run against the current of history in the Third World—our position on Angola was cited as an example—or lend themselves to "neocolonialist" practices. Although Pakistan is an "aligned" nation—it belongs, for example, to the US-

supported Central Treaty Organization (CENTO) as do Iran and Turkey—Bhutto clearly situates his country in the ranks of the Third World, a victim of old colonialism, the British one, and, to some extent, of postwar "neocolonialism." Bhutto thus warns that the US interest is not served in the long run by the fact that so many young countries enjoy only a "myth of independence," lacking economic and, therefore, political independence in their relations with the industrialized world.

Bhutto, who as a young foreign minister in the early 1960s was the prime mover in establishing the close relations that nowadays exist between Pakistan and China, is quite outspoken about the dangers in the Indian Ocean:

I don't want to discuss this in terms of the Soviet Union or the United States, but of the principle of it. The principle of it is that . . . the mastery of the Indian Ocean or the freedom of the Indian Ocean or the control of the Indian Ocean is going to become the most important problem in the future. That is more important than some of the territorial problems, because if there is to be a mastery or control of the Indian Ocean, that will seal the land problem . . . There will be a greater activity and greater intensity because this is going to be the most important region from the viewpoint of global ambitions. We have proposed a nuclear free zone as a part of a broader exercise of keeping the Indian Ocean free, but the point is that this is a wish and a hope, and I don't see this being easily fulfilled. I see that this is going to become an intense area affected.

Pakistan sees itself surrounded by dangers from India in the east to the Soviet Union in the north and Afghanistan in the northwest. It is painfully aware of the alliance between the Russians and India, and the Indian role in the secession of East Pakistan in 1971 and the emergence of an independent Bangladesh are still a fresh memory. Inevitably, the Pakistanis are deeply upset over India's acquisition of a nuclear device in May 1974.

Bhutto insists that Pakistan will not be "intimidated" by India's nuclear capabilities—he does not think that the Indians have the industrial development to support a meaningful military nuclear program—but he also notes, with evident preoccupation, that New Delhi has halted all steps toward the normalization of relations with Pakistan following the 1971 war ever since the latest Bangladesh coup last year. Prior to that time, considerable progress had been achieved. For example, Bhutto emphasized that nothing has happened since last summer in three areas in which India and Pakistan were to negotiate new understandings: the establishment of formal diplomatic relations; the question of the state of Kashmir and Jammu, disputed since the 1947 partition and now largely under Indian rule; and the problem of mutual overflights of each other's territories by Indian and Pakistani airlines.

Bhutto also spoke at length about the changing

political situation in Bangladesh, which he sees as offering both new promise and new dangers. He believes that as a result of a series of coups d'état in Bangladesh last year—including the coup that led to the killing of Prime Minister Mujibur Rahman, the champion of Bangladesh independence—the sentiment there is turning again in favor of close ties with Pakistan. Gen. Ziaur Rahman, the strongman of Bangladesh, appears to be among those pursuing such policies, according to Bhutto. Clearly, any change in the Bangladesh status quo would again threaten the stability of the subcontinent; India, for example, would view a return of Bangladesh to Pakistan or even an alliance between the two as a highly adverse development, and India's reactions could be violent, in the opinion of the Pakistanis. Bhutto, who watches the situation with extreme caution, explained it as follows:

After Mujib's elimination from the scene, came a government that stayed for three months. Then that government was overthrown . . . by a small group of military officers. When they overthrew that government, the original coup leaders were all arrested, most important of all being Gen. Ziaur Rahman . . . But this regime, too, was overthrown in a day. And how was it overthrown? That is important. First of all, it was overthrown when it made a policy declaration that it was going to restore Mujib's policies. The moment that the people of Bangladesh read that, there was a spontaneous upheaval and what happened was an alliance between the people, people by and large, and an alliance not between the officer corps, but between the ordinary soldiers. That's why it has been sometimes referred to as a "Sepoy Mutiny." These ordinary soldiers took the initiative, released the leaders and put them into power. These leaders stand for very close relations with Pakistan, and they oppose Indian hegemony. So we have come full circle . . . There is a universal feeling in Bangladesh, the people want a close relation with Pakistan. In that situation, if any country disapproves of the will of the people of Bangladesh, they will not succeed. If any country, whether it's India or any other country, now tries to engineer another coup, the resistance of the people will become greater, and the country which interferes will be putting her fingers in the fire. Therefore the normal process should be allowed . . .

I asked Bhutto whether he could visualize the reuniting of East and West Pakistan. His reply:

If I'm interpreting their thoughts from a distance, this is what people by and large want; but it isn't such a simple issue. It has its ramifications, and it would be premature for me at this stage to make any comment on it because we haven't been in touch with the new leaders. If we come to know their outlook on the matter, we can then discuss these matters, but I would say that it's a very delicate issue . . . You can't unite, divide, unite, divide with every change of government or with every manipulation from the outside world, so we'll have to approach the matter very cautiously . . . But, fundamentally, we have been vindicated. Because in 1971, the whole world turned against us, we were called butchers, barbaric,

savage, everything; all sorts of allegations were made, and Bangladesh came into being. Now the people of Bangladesh have shown that they want very close links with Pakistan. It's now a matter of detail how these links get forged, so our struggle for Pakistan stands vindicated. Our stand during the crisis to save our country from dismemberment through physical intervention stands vindicated by the turn of events.

On the other hand, Bhutto fears new secessionist pressures in two of Pakistan's four federated provinces: Baluchistan and the Northwest Frontier province. Other Pakistani officials assert that Soviet and Afghan agents are aiding the secession. And it is in terms of preventing new secessions that Bhutto explains why his government has been taking severe domestic political measures, such as outlawing the national Awami party and imprisoning its leaders and why he is accused by his opponents of being a dictator. Thus:

Our constitution says that if a political party is to be banned for anti-state activities, the Supreme Court must finally decide whether the ban is valid or invalid. The full bench of the Supreme Court must finally decide whether the ban is valid or invalid. The full bench of the Supreme Court heard all sides of the case for three months or more, and came to the unanimous conclusion that this party was anti-national, that it was out to destroy what remains of Pakistan, and its principal leaders were opposed to Pakistan. Now, how can you call that undemocratic if in those circumstances such elements are to be imprisoned and legal action taken against them? This is the same joke that happened during Mujib Rahman's time . . .

These, then, are intertwining elements in the developing Indian Ocean crisis that the Pakistani prime minister sees down the road: Soviet inroads in the subcontinent, the adjacent Persian Gulf and Red Sea areas, and Southern Africa; India's closeness to Moscow combined with the paralysis in improving relations with Pakistan; possible Indian reactions if Bangladesh decides to move close to Pakistan; and the secessionist movements in West Pakistani provinces.

Pakistan regards itself as dangerously weak militarily. Although the US a year ago lifted the embargo on sales of arms to the Pakistanis, they have not sufficient funds to go into the market for major purchases. Their only immediate hope is Iran, the US-supplied arsenal in the area, which is the Pakistanis' closest friend.

Bhutto heatedly denies that Pakistan plans to develop its own nuclear weapon (like India, Pakistan is not a signatory to the Non-Proliferation Treaty) through the processing of nuclear fuels in a new nuclear power reactor France is building for the Pakistanis. He says that the French reactor is covered by France's own (and international) nuclear safeguards, and that Pakistan has no intention of using Canadian fuels from a Canadian-built reactor in Karachi to manufacture weapons in the French plant.

Internationally, Pakistan seems perplexed that the

Ford administration is so "emotional" about détente with the Soviet Union that it tends to overlook the Russians' "hegemony" plans in the Indian Ocean until, in Pakistani judgment, it may be too late. Here, Pakistan is inclined to suspect the value of détente as it has been developing over the years; it thinks the US should be the pace-setter.

Washington is not unaware of the subcontinent

problems. Its own relations with India are at the lowest level in history: Gandhi is increasingly perceived in Washington as an adversary, and most US economic assistance to India has been suspended. This, of course, is relatively small comfort to Pakistan, which would like to see America more assertive in a broader sense in the Indian Ocean. That is where Pakistan expects the next major set of international tensions.

In Defense of Big Government

by Henry Fairlie

There is something more than a little deceitful in a presidential candidate who tries to get to Washington by saying that he is running "against Washington," and hopes to be elected to the most powerful office in the world by proclaiming that he is against "big government." A saloon-keeper might as well justify his application for a license by saying that he is a member of the Temperance Reform League. It is as if Julius Caesar had exhorted his troops to cross the Rubicon by saying that the purpose of their march on Rome was to restore the city to the size of a village.

One could dismiss it in this way if it were not that the parrot-talk about "Washington" and "big government" is so unthinking, and so fashionable; and it is fashionable because it is merely one expression of the current drift in the United States to a reactionary and selfish conservatism. Moreover, it is not only in America that this drift is evident. Western Europe is now profoundly right-wing. The attack the Labour government in Britain has just made on public expenditure must be seen in the context of a reactionary mood growing in the country: part of what the *New Statesman*, in a phrase that I personally would not use, but that may be allowed as shorthand, has called a "middle-class backlash."

The reaction is intellectual as well as political. The conservative counterattack on democracy has been building for most of the 20th century, on both sides of the Atlantic; and the essential leadership the West needs from America this year—and that means from

the Democratic party—is a supreme affirmation of the possible efficiency of democratic government. It needs to be confidently and explicitly stated that strong and efficient central government is the foundation of a 20th-century democracy: its resource and its emblem, the very ground of its legitimacy.

We need to remember this year that, when democracy was similarly in retreat and disarray in 1933, it was Franklin Roosevelt who—in the face of Mussolini, in the face of Hitler, in the face of Stalin—demonstrated the ability of democracies *to govern* in a crisis; and by governing efficiently to succor their peoples, without keeping them in order with storm-troopers. If democracy is to survive at all, this is the demonstration that is needed; and it can come only from America. Anyone who thinks that I am exaggerating should take a close look at Britain and Western Europe, before he lets his eyes travel east to contemplate the awful spectacle as the night falls on India.

Since one of my purposes is to criticize the "new conservatives," it will be helpful to emphasize the ground from which I argue. In the terms of my own country, I have generally been regarded as a Tory, rather than a conservative. Indeed, the *Sunday Times* in England once called me "the only romantic Tory we have," and *Newsweek* in England has called me an "eccentric Tory"; and these are not labels that even now I refuse. There is in England such a breed as the Tory Democrat, and I might in England still be one.

The characteristics of the Tory, which separate him from the conservative, may briefly be summarized: 1) his almost passionate belief in strong central govern-

Henry Fairlie, the English journalist, is author of *The Spoiled Child of the Western World* (Doubleday, 1976).

ment, which has of course always been the symbolic importance to him of the monarchy; 2) his detestation of "capitalism," of what Cardinal Newman and T.S. Eliot called "usury," of what he himself calls "trade"; and 3) his trust in the ultimate good sense of the People, whom he capitalizes in this way, because the People are a real entity to him, beyond social and economic divisions, and whom he believes can be appealed to, and relied on, as the final repository of decency in a free nation. The King and the People, against the barons and the capitalists, is the motto of the Tory.

This tradition is absent in America; and as a result, whenever conservatism holds power in the United States, unless it has chosen a political neuter like Eisenhower as its leader, one has only to wait for it to be nasty: to show its colors, and be narrow-minded and selfish and mean-spirited. This is one reason, although it is by no means the only one, why the English Tory feels at home with the Democratic party, while the Republican party fills him with a puzzlement that gives way to desperation and at last to contempt. No attempt to civilize and broaden conservatism in America in this century has yet succeeded.

But I wish to push my point further, even at the risk of seeming to trail my coat. I have been told that the one young conservative American political columnist for whom I have the highest regard—George F. Will—has been heard to sigh of an evening that he wished that there were such a thing as a Tory Socialist. He should stop sighing, and realize that there is such a beast, as emblematic as a griffin; and if he wants to find at least the makings of one, he should look between his legs, like Eeyore trying to find the tail he thought he had lost. We do not need to subject the word "socialism" in this context to too rigorous an analysis; there have been Tory Socialists in the past, such as Richard Oastler; and there are many who sigh with George Will today that they wished that the creature existed again. For the truth is that, if one takes the three characteristics of the Tory as I have described them, they make it not unnatural that he often feels inclined, and in the past 150 years has often shown his inclination, to seek his allies among the Socialists.

But it is on the question of the role of government that one can see how so intelligent and serious an American conservative as Will gets into trouble. He knows that what is called "capitalism"—"private enterprise"—in America, as in the rest of the West, is now protected and subsidized and indeed served by the government. He can disturb one's Sunday breakfast with the sheer intellectual impatience with which he exposes the buffoonery of the International Trade Commission in seeking to keep out foreign shoes that are good and cheap, in order to favor the inferior and more expensive shoes of American cobblers.

But he knows that the same criticism—and many that are worse—can be made of almost all that is still

called "private enterprise" in America. General Motors and General Foods, Lockheed and Boeing, are socialist principalities. I am not the most unblinking admirer of John Kenneth Galbraith, but once he had put his finger on the intimate and necessary connection that now exists between the decisions of the great corporations and the decisions of government, he at least had the courage to follow his insight to its only conclusion: that there is very little that an honest man can now be except *some kind* of Socialist. The prophetic remark of the Gladstonian Liberal Sir William Harcourt 80 years ago has been realized: "We are all Socialists now."

It may again be put simply. We have all been taught that the Magna Carta was—and is—one of the foundations of "Anglo-Saxon" liberty, and, yes it was and is; and I have no objection to my own country sending it across the Atlantic as a part of its own one million dollar celebration of its defeat by a few rebellious colonists 200 years ago. But there was something to be said for King John; and "Anglo-Saxon" liberties were in fact wrought as much by a strong monarchy as by the selfish privileges that the barons managed to extract for themselves at Runnymede. Sellars and Yeatman in *1066 and All That* were being quite profound when they catalogued each of the "liberties" that the barons had secured, and added "but not for the common people."

Too many of the "liberties" now being claimed from "big government" seem to me to be essentially "privileges" only for today's barons. It may be too much—it might even be wrong—for the Democratic party to begin this year to speak the language of socialism. But it is time that it was acknowledged that there are now only two choices: one can be either for *strong government for the few and the rich*, or for *strong government for the unrich and the many*. There is no longer a third way. This is what the American election this year is about: not whether there should be "big government" or not—that is a false issue—but whom the "big government" should serve.

The Democratic party must not, if it wishes to be true to its own tradition, and cannot, if it wants to win, appear to say "me too" to the conservative attacks on strong central government. On the assumption, which seems to me safe, that President Ford will be the Republican nominee, there is no chance that he will, in the actual election, run "against Washington." An incumbent President who ran "against Washington" would put himself in the preposterous situation of running against his own incumbent administration.

Ford's campaign speeches make it increasingly clear that he has already realized this: he is the "man from Washington." But he seems also to have realized more, that the vast majority of the ordinary people of this country, not just "the poor," need the federal government and, beyond a limited extent, they do not trust their state and local governments to supply what they need. My impression is that Ford began to realize this

during his first sallies into Florida, where it is clear that the un-poor old in Miami are as anxious about their Social Security as any poor Puerto Rican in New York.

We all respond to our own "vibrations" of what the people are supposed to be thinking; every journalist has his own taxi-driver whom he elevates into the *vox populi*. But to me it is obvious that, although the American people may today be against inefficient government, against abnormally corrupt government, against overweening government, perhaps even against the pretensions of government by which they were excited between 1961 and 1963, against just plain lousy government, they are not against "big government" as such. They need it, and they know that they need it. They are not fools, and the Democratic party will box itself into a corner if it takes too seriously the current and glib talk about "big government." If one asks to be allowed to govern, one had better believe in government.

Just as Ford has learned his lesson, so we will soon be saying that Jimmy Carter has learned his. In fact, once each of them has eliminated the challenge from his right, in the person of Reagan and Wallace, we may expect both of them to move fast and far in order to try to occupy the center, first in their own parties, and then in the country. Not even a Carter can run "against Washington" in the actual election. One way of becoming the President is to look and speak and act like a President; and one cannot do this if one says that one will turn the White House into a village pump.

But it is not with the tactics that I am here concerned, although I do not despise such tactics as a part of the exchange that goes on between the candidates and the people. My anxiety is that the sheer glibness of the talk about "big government" will prevent the Democratic party from facing squarely the real issue, and putting it squarely to the electors: that the question is not whether there should be a strong central government, but whose interests that government should serve; and beyond even that, whether a democracy can, in the current crisis in the Western world, prove its capacity to govern.

One of the difficulties is that much of the glibness comes from articulate men and women who are at least on the margins of the Democratic party, infesting its raiments. In response to the Vietnam war and to Watergate, they are recklessly careless of democracy's need for strong central government. They will believe nothing that the government says. Out of any mistake of the executive, they will bend their spite to prove malfeasance. They will not even allow the government to have its secrets. The work of government that is done by loyal and conscientious men, according to their own lights, earns from them hardly a sniff of regard. Having downgraded the work of Congress for 30 years, they suddenly find that virtue is encapsulated in the report of any congressional committee or subcom-

mittee that chooses to seize some publicity by criticizing the government, no matter how flimsy the testimony on which the report is based, or how shallow its conclusions. Congressmen and senators who must have thought that they would end their careers in obscurity are now amazed and cheered to find that they can walk with their heads high, trailing clouds of glory, in the gutters of a press that believes them as credulously now as so recently it believed the President.

Of course there are corrections to be made in the working of the system; but one does not correct one's balance by turning a somersault, or repair an institution by tearing at its fabric. If the current mood continues much longer, thoughtless and unprincipled, America will soon have as heavy a price to pay for tearing at the fabric of government, as it had recently to pay for refusing to recognize that the fabric had been worn out of shape. I can hardly be accused, as an outsider, of having been slow to realize that the presidency had got out of hand. My first criticisms of the "Imperial presidency" were made 11 years ago, when it was not all that popular to make them. But to resist the pretensions of the presidency is not the same as repudiating the legitimate claims of government; and the Democratic party in particular should make the distinction.

But the kind of malignant suspicion of government to which I am referring would not have become so reckless if it was only a reaction to the Vietnam war, to Watergate, and to the "dirty tricks" to which the agents of government will reach when they are inflamed with a sense of an imperial mission. Behind many of the apparently "liberal" and "radical" attacks on government today lie years of "conservative" preparation. In the resentment of "big government" as such—not of its pretensions or its errors—one hears the voice of privilege as it has been insinuated for so long. Radical chic has made its unholy alliance with a naked conservatism; and its accent may be heard most nights in the sneer of David Brinkley at whatever a government may strive to do. But what matters about it is that it is the sneer of patronizing and vaulting privilege at the needs of ordinary people that can be served only by government. It is selfishness given the appearance of moral concern.

Not for a hundred years has personal selfishness been so viciously presented as political prudence. What I have called "The Spoiled Child of the Western World" is not only American: he is all over the Western world, the child of "affluence," cunningly saying that all he wants is to be left alone to do "his own thing," and he will leave others alone to do "their own things," which of course means that he will leave them alone to be poor, to be uneducated, perhaps even to starve. If there is one thing that India does not need today it is a shabby version of its own forms of spiritual passivity, yet the hippies journey to India with their degrading little visions, telling the Indians just to do "their own thing,"

while all the time, as an Indian said recently with contempt, for them there is always the check at American Express.

This seems to be not much worse than the boast of Karl Hess, the former assistant to Barry Goldwater, that he is a "full-time welder"—even a blacksmith—in the Appalachians! He is no more a "full-time" welder—or blacksmith—in any real sense than the hippie in India is in any real sense a follower of Krishna. For both there is the check at American Express, the passport out, whenever they wish to take it; and I find it objectionable for Hess to puff up his little haven of privilege in the Appalachians (while keeping his ties to the Institute for Policy Studies, of all places!), as if it is an answer for any but the privileged to the problems of modern technology and the "big" governments and corporations and unions which it demands.

But what do we expect of an assistant to Goldwater, except precisely this kind of selfish "libertarianism," as he loftily describes it; and what do we expect of Garry Wills, for that matter, who has also travelled from the conservatism of the *National Review* to a position that borders on anarchy, if not indeed of nihilism? Neither has changed his spots; they are conservatives still, but in the current mood, they are able to give their conservatism a cunning flavor of "libertarianism," of the assertion of individual freedom against the supposed oppressions of "bigness." Each indeed is the "spoiled child"; and as spokesmen of the social indifference of their generation, they are important.

There are other influences that can be traced, but my purpose here has solely been to show how the reaction against "big government," virtuous as it can be made to seem, is deeply related to the conservative reaction that has been building in the Western world for so long. For the sake of brevity, in what is no more than a shot across the bows in this election year, I will catalogue my main convictions:

- Far from democracy's being the enemy of individual freedom in the modern age, as the "new conservatives" would have us believe, the extension of the democratic power is the only reliable defense of our liberties.
- Put in another way, this means that the extension of equality is now the only justification of our liberty.
- When the private power—of the barons, of the corporations—is necessarily as great as it is in modern society, it can be checked only by a dynamic assertion of the public power. When a George Wallace attacks big government *and* big corporations *and* big unions with equal vehemence, one knows that the winner will be, whatever he says, the corporations.
- The scope of all power in the modern world is such that the scope of government is the most reliable of our

resources. The central government needs to be not only strong and efficient but wide-ranging in its activities.

- By democracy in our age, we can mean only what used (so short a time ago) to be called *social democracy*. The most valuable definition of social democracy was given by Aneurin Bevan in *In Place of Fear*: "the sustaining of passion in the pursuit of qualified objectives," and we need a return of that passion in our defense of democracy, confident that in a free society its objectives always are qualified.

Finally, if we may look out from that private welder's shop in Appalachia, democracy has to acknowledge that, one day soon, it is going to have to confront the ever-widening gulf between the poor nations and the rich nations. Oh! what a yawn comes from the "spoiled child." Yet it is ultimately by its ability to bridge that gulf that the future of democracy will be decided. It cannot be done by weak government, by small institutions, by village communes. Nothing goes to India from that welder's shop in Appalachia. If the actions of Indira Ghandi are shameful, she has at least this justification: that the great and prosperous democracies of the West have given no demonstration of the ability of their own governments to do it in any other way. When 400,000 new men, women and children arrive in New Delhi every year, it is a little ridiculous and it is certainly deceitful to suggest that anything but "big government" can help.

And this points exactly to the kind of awkwardness with which the Democratic party is faced: that when there is a resistance to foreign adventures—as in Vietnam, as in Angola—that resistance all too easily topples over into a resistance to any foreign concerns at all. But with all the mistakes that it has made—and they have only been mistakes, they have not been wickednesses—the Democratic party in this century has searched to find the ways of avoiding so intolerable a contraction of the moral concerns of a great and free nation. It has been the most thoughtful, the most unprejudiced, the most tolerant, the most effective instrument of the democratic vision in the world. It has sought, intellectually and politically and morally, for the balance between liberty and equality, between authority and freedom, between action and unjustified interference. As I have said, there are now, as always, corrections in the balance to be made, but it will be a tragedy for untold millions in all parts of the world if the Democratic party surrenders even temporarily its conviction that strong government is necessary. And that a strong government not only can be free, but is the source of much of our new freedoms. The selfish "full-time" welder in Appalachia owes his privileges, not to the Republican party, but to the Democratic party, not to a narrow "libertarianism," but to a succoring democracy.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Off-Broadway Offerings

Andrei Serban is the greatly gifted young Romanian director who was brought to New York by Ellen Stewart of La Mama Theater and who developed a repertory company at that theater. In 1974 that company presented *Trilogy*, splendid productions of Serban's versions of three Greek plays (*TNR*, Nov. 23, '74). Serban and his company have since traveled through Europe with these plays, even daring to take them to Athens. (Athenians to whom I spoke last month were as enthusiastic about the productions as I had been.) Serban's company returned to La Mama this winter with two of the three Greek plays, slightly altered but still very fine. When I asked him why he had dropped the third play, *Medea*, he said he had been doing it for five years, had no fresh ideas with which to keep working on it, and didn't want to carry a mere staple item.

Last year the company gave a few public dress rehearsals of their new production, Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan*. They use Eric Bentley's familiar translation with new and vigorous music by Elizabeth Swados and a good setting by Jun Maeda—an alterable two-tiered façade across the back of the large playing space. The show was called a "work in progress" and that's exactly what I thought it: an interesting, internally consistent proposal for handling the play. Now it is "fully" presented, and I'm sorry to report that it's pretty much the "work in progress" more confidently done. It's as if the notes for a production had been rendered more legibly without being fully realized.

Of course I have a disadvantage with the play itself. For me (as I've noted before) *The Good Woman* is lesser Brecht. His best plays crystallize some aspects of the modern consciousness in new dramatic modes; his lesser ones are

explicit, didactic, linear and relatively unresonant. Set in Brecht's imaginary China, *The Good Woman* tells the story of a good-hearted prostitute who is the one person in her city to be hospitable to three gods who arrive incognito. They reward her with money, with which she buys a tobacco shop, and her new prosperity brings leeches. To protect herself she has to adopt a male alter ego, tough and ruthless. Her lover makes her pregnant, and that (one may say) blows up her disguise. At the end the gods permit her to be tough just once a month to protect herself; and Brecht coyly leaves it up to the audience to decide whether the world or human nature must be changed in order for good people to be wholly good.

The play is engaging for about 10 times the time it takes to read the above précis: the rest is increasingly wearisome working-out. Serban has faced the thinness of the play (why he chose to face it is another question) and has rendered it as a super child's story. The irony of the mortals' relationship to the gods, which is the only locus of possible depth, is absorbed into Serban's almost dainty allegorical mode. All the roles are played with conscious, sometimes charming "pantomime" chinoiserie. But nothing really affects us deeply because all we get is a pleasant pattern, not a dramatic experience. Add to this that many of the lyrics are incomprehensibly sung, and it removes the performance further into balletic abstraction.

Serban's best theatrical idea was the use of rods that progressively form a pattern on the stage floor during the performance. From time to time one or another character lays a six-foot wooden rod on the floor in relation to other rods, the whole gradually becoming a maze through which the actors have to move. At the very end the heroine gathers up all these rods, thus symbolically clearing away the ethical maze the people have created and shouldering those ethical burdens herself. In another play the device might have seemed intrusive: here at least it provides some texture.

The rewards of the performance were accessible, I think, only to those who had seen *Trilogy*: the pleasure of perceiving these performers' range. This is especially true of Priscilla Smith who is the company's Electra and Andromache and was the *Medea*—full-throated and primal—and who plays the prostitute with dancer-like lightness and the other self with Chaplinesque villainy.

The Serban company goes to France this summer at that government's invitation where they will prepare a production of *As You Like It* to be played first, aptly enough, in the Forest of Ardennes. I hope they bring the production back in the fall. Their *Good Woman*, unsatisfactory though I think it, is unquestionably the work of a director and ensemble of exceptional powers.

Note on Women. Watching Priscilla Smith made me realize why I'm less disturbed than others about the present lack of leading women and women's roles in US films. (As the new Academy Award nominations attest.) During the past theater season I've seen Smith in several roles, Pamela Payton-Wright in two, Tova Feldschuh as Yentl. Nothing to do with films, obviously, but in the broader spectrum of what actresses are doing in America today, their work and progress certainly provide a cheerier color. And if you broaden the spectrum to include TV—with its "Mary Hartman" and "Maude" and "Rhoda" and "Mary Tyler Moore" and "Sara" and "Laverne and Shirley" and others—it makes the treatment of women in US films all the more atypical.

In the current crop of overpraised young American playwrights John Guare is one of the few with readily discernible talent. It was discernible even in his disappointing *House of Blue Leaves* which eventually won everything but the Nobel Prize and the Congressional Medal of Honor. His early short plays like *Muzeeka* had imaginative release and exuberant humor, but

Films Worth Seeing

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Ken Kesey's dubious mental-hospital allegory, but Jack Nicholson gives one of the memorable performances in US film history.

Lina Wertmüller. Three films by this Italian writer-director are now on view: *All Screwed Up* (1973), modern Milan macerates young people; *Swept Away* (1974), rich yachswoman and poor sailor on desert island; *Seven Beauties* (1975), a Neapolitan in WW II. All are imperfect, but all contain marvels—especially the last—and all confirm the eruption of a unique and stunning talent.

SK

nothing of his that I have seen, including his screenplay for the Milos Forman film *Taking Off*, came close to satisfying.

So it continues with his latest play *Rich and Famous* just produced by Joseph Papp (Newman Theater). It consists of the fantasies of a young playwright on the night of the first preview of his first produced play, after writing 843 previous scripts. (Part of the fantasy, I guess, is that, though this is the first preview and there's talk of a major cast change before the opening, the newspapers review it, disastrously.) He goes through a series of scenes with a drag queen, a childhood sweetheart, a smooth Jewish Broadway composer, his Bronx-Irish father and mother, and the haunting image of a boyhood pal who makes it as a picture star just as this play flops. William Atherton, of the *Day of the Locust* and *Hindenburg* films, plays the writer. All the other parts are played by Ron Leibman, of such films as *Where's Poppa?* and *The Hot Rock*, and Anita Gillette, best known from TV.

A great deal of Guare's dialogue is sharp and resourceful. He wrote several songs, music and lyrics, that are pleasant and clever. Some of the set-pieces, especially those for Leibman, are show-stoppers, patently manufactured but

nonetheless effective. But I'm left again with the feeling that what Guare needs is a sympathetic collaborator. After he has shot all his fireworks, and he has some, almost every one of his scenes is residually trite and static. The scene with the former sweetheart is full of familiar, grubbily overtugged heartstrings. The scene with the uncomprehending parents is *that* scene again, this time Irish instead of Jewish. Even the scene with the *doppelgänger* film star at the end concludes with a flashy gag, with only a strained relevance to the play. The script has no dramatic conclusion or thematic issue. Guare is the writing equivalent of a talented actor who needs a good director and flounders without one.

The actual director here, Mel Shapiro, does some good work. Shapiro is hell on Shakespeare, traditional (*Richard III*) or mod (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*), but he breathes and expands in fantastic work, as here and with John Ford Noonan's *Older People*. Atherton is very agreeable but seems pallid next to Leibman who has all the showy stuff and charges into it loaded with more nightclub comic business than you could shake a *shtick* at. Anita Gillette lacks the cartoon range for this kind of quick-change work.

On Lionel Trilling

"Continuous Magical Confrontation"

It would be foolhardy in a few paragraphs to try for an inclusive portrait of Lionel Trilling's career as critic and writer; and now that we have the admirable summary description by Steven Marcus in the *Times* of a few weeks ago, it would be superfluous. I propose here to write about a single aspect of Trilling's work, but the aspect that seems to me crucial for a grasp of his extraordinary prestige in our culture.

With the exception of Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling was the most influential literary critic in America these past few decades. By "influential" I mean something simple: that a critic's essays be read by a public extending beyond the limits of the academy. Some literary people might argue, though

they would have trouble persuading me, that we have had better critics than Wilson and Trilling, but I doubt that anyone would dispute my estimate of their influence.

Once Wilson turned away from radical politics, he came to be admired as a virtuoso reader, a brilliant writer, a public critic forever eager to tell us about still more books, still more writers. But Trilling, while often performing superbly as an interpreter of texts, was not read primarily for literary guidance. His influence had to do with that shaded area between literature and social opinion, literature and morality; he kept returning to "our" cultural values, "our" premises of conduct, for he was intent upon a subtle campaign to transform the dominant liberalism of the American



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cultivated classes into something richer, more quizzical and troubled than it had become during the years after World War II. One way of saying this may be that he sought to melt ideological posture into personal sensibility.

Trilling's intellectual adversaries—among whom, in earlier years, I was one—felt that his work had come to serve as a veiled justification for increasingly conservative moods among American intellectuals. We felt this especially during the '50s when his most influential book, *The Liberal Imagination*, came out. As it seems to me now, the matter is terribly complicated and I still can't pretend to have sorted it out. If we believe that liberalism as a politics cannot avoid a reductionist and smug militancy, or if we hold, as Trilling charged some liberals with holding, that "all" human problems can be solved merely through social action, then there was force to Trilling's criticism. But why must the premise attacked by Trilling be accepted by liberals (a term, as Trilling and others have used it, that seems also to include non-Communist radicals)? Why was it not possible to bring together the dialectical reflectiveness and subtlety of response that Trilling's criticism encouraged with a readiness to do public combat for liberal or radical ends?

In principle there was no reason whatever; in practice—and especially in America—it was hard. Perhaps there always has to be some disharmony between the life of the mind and the life of politics; perhaps there is something about liberalism which does make for simplification and righteousness; and perhaps it was also true, as some of us felt at the time, that Trilling was providing, not a rationale for a new conservatism, but an inducement for a conservatized liberalism. Nor did he always make it easy for those of us attracted by his wonderful essays to acquiesce readily in the values they advanced. His grave elegance of style, his disinclination toward polemic, his use of uncomfortable terms like "will,"

"spirit," "sentiment of being"—all these were disturbing in one or another way, making us uneasy in our admiration.

Yet, as I now think back to the years in which Trilling did his major work, I cannot really believe that his conservatism, real or alleged, was the major reason for his influence. What drew serious readers to his work was something else which, at the risk of

as transcendence, as manner and style."

The contrast could hardly be stronger than between this belief in the autonomy and originating power of the literary imagination and tendency of some modern critics to see "the text" as inert material to be worked upon or, still more alarming, worked up. Like other human beings, Trilling had his weaknesses, mostly for mannerism, but

he never succumbed to mere methodology. When his mind began to work, when his engagement with a novel or poem was spontaneous and strong, there occurred for many readers an experience of opening and enlargement, what T.S. Eliot has called "the full surprise and elevation of a new experience of poetry." Trilling would circle a work with his fond, nervous wariness, as if in the presence of some force, some living energy, which could not always be kept under proper control—indeed, as if he were approaching an elemental power. The work came alive and therefore was changeable, alive and therefore was never quite knowable, alive and therefore could even threaten the very desires and values that first made us approach it.

As he grew older, Trilling felt freer to express a growing uneasiness with literary modernism. There were critics, comfortable

by now with the worn familiarities of the new, who mocked him for writing about modernism as if it were. . . well, a beast in our jungle which might rear up and strike us a blow. But they failed to see that Trilling was actually paying this beast a kind of tribute, acknowledging its powers of beneficence and maleficence, whereas for the run of modernist critics Joyce and Mann and Mayakovsky had been mauled into docility.

Circling that living presence we call a novel or poem, never forgetting that it was a shadowed embodiment of a man or a woman's imagination, Trilling would try to connect with it through the strategems of reason. What other strategems does a critic have? Yet what



Lionel Trilling

Courtesy of Columbia University

seeming perverse, I want to call a "radical" approach to culture.

In an age which had yielded to a host of determinisms and virtually took it for granted that literature constitutes some sort of "reflection" of a fixed and given external reality, Trilling believed passionately—and taught a whole generation also to believe—in the power of literature, its power to transform, elevate and damage. The work of literature, he wrote in his essay on Freud, is "a being no less alive and contradictory than the man who created it." Not many critics, certainly not many in our own time, have really believed, as Trilling wrote in *The Opposing Self*, that art "expresses itself not only as utility, not only according to law, but as grace,

he also responded to most deeply was the possibility of surprise, even of the demonic. Utterly civilized, he kept looking beneath civilization. In his essay on Keats, perhaps the greatest he ever wrote, there is a passage about the poet's attitude toward life which I take as a tacit indication of what Trilling wanted criticism to be:

Keats believed that life was given for him to find the right use of it, that it was a kind of continuous magical confrontation requiring to be met with the right answer. He believed that this answer was to be derived from intuition, courage, and the accumulation of experience. It was not, of course, to be a formula of any kind, not a piece of rationality, but rather a way of being and of acting. And yet it could in part be derived from taking thought, and it could be put, if not into a formula, then at least into many formulations. Keats was nothing if not a man of ideas. [Emphasis added — I.H.]

In the Keats essay the "continuous magical confrontation" took the form of celebrating the heroism of energy, the abundance and delight of youth, but in essays Trilling wrote on Jane Austen's novels he saw the power of imagination not as thrust and striving but as a yielding to idyll and calm. All states of being, from the erect to the crouched, from the assertive to the passive, interested him, and he wrote best about those writers, like Dickens, who were drawn to the sheer plenitude of existence or to those, like Babel, who embodied the tensions following from a struggle between conflicting desires.

Trilling's deep absorption with Freud must have had its source in similar feelings: the sense that Freud recognized, as almost no one else in our time has, the power of imagination to go beyond the routines of mimesis, to startle and terrify us with all that it might *bring up*. Just as Freud saw the role of the analyst as that of a mediator in the battle between what we have made of ourselves and what we have made it from, so Trilling would turn toward a work of literature, attentive to its modes of order and strategies of control but also on the lookout for the unexpected. Freud was probably the single greatest influence on Trilling's work, not through anything so tiresome as "the psychoanalytic approach" to literature, but through a world-view that was inherently dramatic, fluid and tragic, a world-view that saw consciousness itself as a kind of poetry.

Precisely this alertness to the upswell

of imagination, even the fury of its primitive elements, in the most highly-wrought structures of literature, allowed Trilling to release that yearning for pleasure which he felt had been sacrificed, perhaps unavoidably, in the triumph of literary modernism. Pleasure came from an equilibrium, maintained no doubt for only a moment or two, between rage and poise, energy and constraint, heroism and surrender. And pleasure inhered in the organic unfolding of a story, that mirror to our fate, that fundamental unit of the disciplined imagination.

It was the sense, then, that Trilling spoke for the imperilled autonomy of our life—for the large possibilities of our private selves and the dangers and betrayals which the modern obsession with self has brought—it was this, I think, that explains the hold he had upon his readers. There remains, of course, another kind of influence, that which he exerted upon colleagues, students friends. And here we come to the mystery of quietness, the power that a reflective calm may have in the passage of our life.

Irving Howe

Irving Howe's most recent book is *World of Our Fathers* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Books Considered

World of Wonders by Robertson Davies

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I once had the strangest interview with Robertson Davies, stranger even than the one I had with Françoise Sagan, and that one set a pretty high standard of strangeness, let me tell you. Our meeting began in an elevator, continued in an office, and ended in a bar, and "interview" isn't exactly the word to describe it; you don't interview Robertson Davies, you attend a highly polished performance. It was a dramatic monologue, civilized, erudite, fluent,

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clever and completely unspontaneous, delivered with the kind of confident glitter that made me feel that if I were to be so crass as to open my mouth and venture a question, nothing would come out but snakes and toads. Davies is a player in love with the play, and the kind of play he loves is melodrama, because it is so much like life. He told me in no uncertain terms that good and evil are as separate and as quantifiable as any other entities—oxygen, say, or nitrogen—and with that in mind, he immediately turned Max Beerbohm's famous epigram on its head and regarded it with a disdainful eye: to pretend to be something that we are not, Davies said, is to fall prey to the most deadly mischief for which we shall one day surely pay. Humor, he therefore suspected, is as much an instrument of the devil as deceit, in that it enables us to cloak the misery of our predicament with a facile disguise. It was a full hour and a half, and as I walked to the subway, I found myself wondering absurdly whether the odor that seemed to cling to my nostrils was brimstone or air pollution.

The above is, as it happens, a remarkably fair description of what happens in *World of Wonders*, the final

volume of the trilogy that began with *Fifth Business*, continued with *The Manticore*, and which is now brought to a splendid conclusion. That is, it isn't so much a novel as it is a brilliant act whose strength lies in the complexity of its symbolism and the perfection of its artifice. A situation is shamelessly contrived, and the language fairly reeks of the footlights (to say nothing of, yes, brimstone). We are asked to believe that the Devil, a magician passing under the transparent *nom de guerre* of Magnus Eisengrim, has decided to tell the story of his life to an audience consisting of characters representing Art, Technology, Common Sense and History—and then actually proceeds to do so in preternaturally mellifluous tones, right down to the last exit line. Readers of the trilogy will have met him before: he began his career in *Fifth Business* as Paul Dempster, the Bible-ridden son of a fundamentalist Canadian minister (occasioning a rather neat interior pun, since Christians are by definition brothers in Christ, and Davies contends that the Devil is Christ's brother) who was kidnapped at the age of nine by a pederastic small-time sleight-of-hand artist and pressed into servitude as the interior manipulator of a card playing papier mâché Chinaman. He becomes, as he says, literally Nobody, the invisible and dehumanized anima of a graven image that inflames its victim's egos and thereby humiliates them. And there he remains, in a malodorous darkness he solemnly equates with hell, until he has mastered the art of his captor and has destroyed him—slowly and exquisitely—with morphine. He does something of the sort again in London by becoming the indispensable double—the fetch, a vampirous *doppelgänger*—of an aging romantic actor named Sir John Tresize. Later still, on his uppers, he learns the secrets of temporal time by repairing antique clockwork, and he achieves his final apotheosis when he allies himself to a deformed Swill millionairess and becomes the world's greatest conjourer—the Master of Lies himself, openly practicing his arts and making his audiences love every minute. And an engaging fellow he is, too; Davies ascribes to the view that the Devil need not be good to be good company.

It is melodrama, of course, melodrama of the broadest and most archaic sort, with its roots deep in the medieval miracle plays. Any synopsis of its plot runs the risk of making it sound silly; Davies is perfectly aware that almost no

one takes the Devil seriously anymore, and is at pains to say so. Like all ambitious and unusual books, *World of Wonders* is a risky undertaking, yet if a better vehicle has been found to evoke the eerie unreality (and eerier metaphysics) of the travelling tent show, the sleazy vaudeville house, and the last days of the romantic theater, I haven't stumbled across it. The novel is theatrical in precisely the same measure and for precisely the same reasons that *Fifth Business* was theological and *The Manticore* psychological. Davies is seeking to isolate the symbols by which our lives are immutably governed, and it is a restful moment in any of these books when only one or two things is happening simultaneously rather than eight or nine. If there is a single dominating theme, it is that we can never escape the consequences of our actions, and to ignore them is to be destroyed. A stone, hidden in a snowball thrown by one small boy at another on a Canadian evening in 1908 (which is how the story all began) will cause sainthood in one, spiritual death in the other, and the birth of Magnus Eisengrim.

Among contemporary novelists, only Graham Greene has trod this ground and gleaned it so successfully. He and Davies stand alone, each in his own quarter of the field. Their solitude says much about the present state of the art.

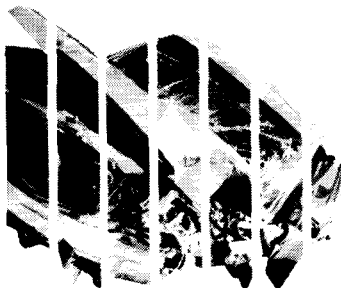
L. J. Davis

L.J. Davis' most recent novel is *Walking Small* (Braziller).

john hawkes *Travesty*

Travesty is a work of great suavity and elegance and subtlety. It may be a pastiche or parody or travesty of a French récit, but it is also the true thing itself. The turn of phrase and movement of mind are truly French, and the control of the whole narrative splendid. . . .

—Albert J. Guérard



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Stories and Plays by Flann O'Brien

(Viking; \$8.95)

In *Stories and Plays* by Flann O'Brien are a short play, a music hall sketch, a joke, a portrait of a character, a literary essay, a fragment of a novel and an English journalist's report on the predicament of the artist inside the Irish Curtain. The writer whose work appears in the book, and whose signature on cheques was "Brian O'Nolan," is supposed to be dead. The engarlanding of the page numbers in shamrocks might indeed be his work, but that he selected and assembled the

material is unlikely: the diversity of quality and tone seems to be fortuitous as it was not when he employed that device. This note is without prejudice to any statement which he may elect to make.

In the book is evidence enough of the afflictions under which the writer idled, e.g. enigmas of identity and destination, racial and personal, and certain consequent and ancillary anguishes, notably such modes of expression and depression as language and liquor. A text, much belabored, of O'Nolan's newspaper articles, was the self-consciousness of the Irish. That culminated—but didn't stop—in the article reporting that the entire Irish nation had handed in its resignation.

The columnist himself, of course, was, or is, a major exhibitor of that syndrome, if one may, for once, be excused for using that word correctly; the concurrent symptoms being pretending not to be Irish (cf. Bernard Shaw, Sam Beckett), a sense of inferiority (e.g. W.B. Yeats, Sean O'Casey, Eamon de Valera), unnecessarily inventive language (viz. James Joyce, John Synge), pseudonyms (i.e. AE), and love of and admiration for alcohol (vide Brendan Behan, Brendan Behan). The problem of identity, best expressed in that most drunken of rhetorical questions, "who do you think you are?", beset O'Nolan, in that milieu and in the great world outside of that cloister. He used his many pseudonyms as protection and perhaps as intimations of apotheosis.

O'Nolan's polemical language was eccentrically precise and destructive: his "vulgar" speech had other qualities. Synge presented as reported speech a language of his own invention. Reported speech in Joyce has more verisimilitude: the parameters are different, the controls more "scientific." Reading O'Nolan's "vulgar" speech, one is constantly reminded of Joyce. In fact, the method is rather that of Synge. O'Nolan's language was vigorous, ornamental and, at the same time, exciting. But in this new book, alas!, none of that quality appears. The dialogue in "Slattery's Sago Saga," for instance, is, if possible, more embarrassing than the exchanges in "Faustus Kelly."

Neither here, nor elsewhere in O'Nolan's *oeuvre*, is there indication, overt or implied, of awareness of, or interest in, the possibility of relationships of affection between people. In the best piece in the new book, "John Duffy's Brother," for instance—a better tribute to Joyce than the tired "A

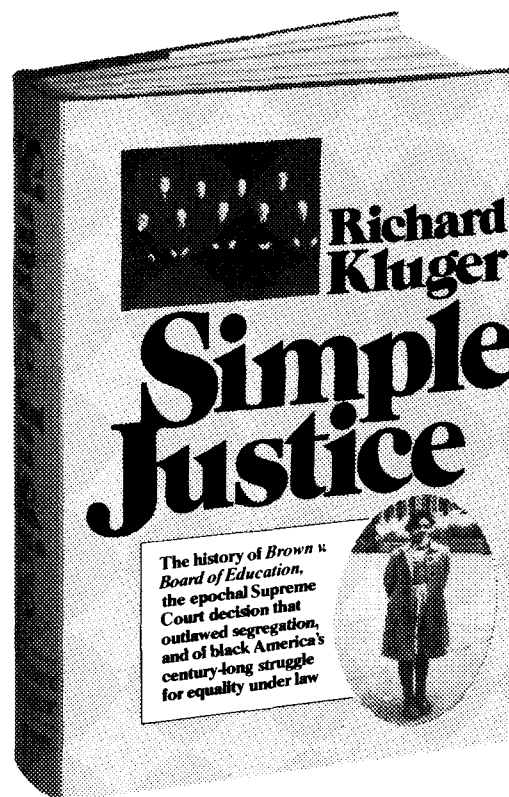
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—Richard Todd, Atlantic Monthly

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Bash In The Tunnel"—humanity, even the frigid humanity that Joyce expressed with such "scrupulous meanness" in *Dubliners*, is at a discount. (The story, an oddity at any level, evokes without echoing "A Painful Case," and there is no Mrs. Sinico. Joyce's Duffy is a sad, silly fellow: O'Nolan's Duffy is a railway train.) The Scots have a phrase "... as loveless as an Irishman."



Flann O'Brien

Jack Coughlin

It is glib, but relevant, to suggest that that lack of concern for humanity is a "reason" why O'Nolan is not as important a writer as he was a journalist. And there might have been other reasons. Were the precocious masterworks *At Swim-Two-Birds* and *An Béal Bocht* main sources of the affliction? Both are marvels of imagination, language and humor. Either was a threshold worth crossing, at a time when, for a man laden with domestic responsibility, other doors opened: into the senior Civil Service, and into a daily newspaper article. It becomes clear (in old age) that this world belongs to the (often madly dull) fellows who not only know a) who they are, b) where they're going, and c) why, but who act on that "knowledge," even when, like Joyce, they make wrong decisions. (He could have been a great tenor.) Even the smartest of the others—and he was—drifts downstream from "Faustus Kelly" into the sludge-locked estuary of "Slattery's Saga Saga."

But that's not fair. It's not even true. That's why this new book is misleading. O'Nolan was not a literary man. Part of his strength as a journalist lay in his hatred of art and literature. O'Nolan was a powerful and influential journalist—at his best, in the beginning, inventive, courageous and amusing. He

beat all his enemies, except the one who destroyed him, his own personal self, the only man in the whole city that he didn't know.

Niall Montgomery

Niall Montgomery is a Dublin architect and poet whose column in *The Irish Times* appeared many years with that of his friend, Brian O'Nolan.

Reflections on Language by Noam Chomsky

(Pantheon; \$10, \$3 paper)

Why study language? There are many possible answers, but the author feels that the most compelling reason is that we can regard language as "a mirror of mind." In view of this, Chomsky explores in this book some of the general intellectual implications that result from technical linguistics.

The fundamental problem involved in studying language as "a mirror of mind" is the classical one. From Plato to the present time philosophers have been puzzled and intrigued by how human beings whose contacts with the world are personal and limited are nevertheless able to achieve rich systems of knowledge, beliefs and values. In the case of acquisition of language, the same problem arises when we ask how it comes that human beings, with their limited personal experience, are able to acquire languages which are systems of remarkable complexity and richness. In answer to this fundamental question the author argues that acquisition of language is determined by a system of principles, conditions and rules that is an innate property of the human mind. The author calls this system universal grammar.

Universal grammar is conceived of as "the essence of human language," an invariant among humans. Human languages may differ in accedental properties, but each human language in its basic properties must conform to universal grammar by biological necessity. A language violating universal grammar could not be acquired by a human.

Chomsky conceives of a theory of language as simply that part of human psychology that is concerned with one

particular "mental organ," human language. Among the important problems of the theory of language as a part of human psychology is this: what kinds of cognitive structures are developed by humans on the basis of their experience in the case of acquisition of language? Chomsky assumes that humans are innately endowed with a system of intellectual organization which may be called "the initial state" of the mind. Through interaction with the environment and maturational processes the mind passes through a sequence of states in which cognitive structures are represented. In the case of language acquisition, universal grammar is represented in the initial state of the mind, and knowledge of a specific language is represented in the final state of the mind.

Throughout his *Reflections on Language* Chomsky offers analyses of the controversies raging today among philosophers, psychologists and linguists over the acquisition of cognitive structures and the interaction of cognitive structures with language. All these controversies turn around arguments in favor or against the assumption of innate universals. Chomsky scrutinizes the views of W.V.O. Quine, J. Searle, R. Schwartz, J.L. Cohen and others. One cannot but be impressed with the author's bold defense of his own position.

Chomsky abandons the notion of deep structure in its technical sense, a notion which has dominated the recent research in transformational generative grammar and which has provoked many heated discussions among linguists. In the former two versions of the transformational generative grammar called standard theory and the extended standard theory, there were three kinds of structures: initial structures, deep structures and surface structures, the deep structures occupying an intermediate position in the process of generating surface structures from initial ones. In the standard theory it was postulated that deep structures give all the information required for determining the meaning of sentences. The extended standard theory postulated that both deep and surface structures determined the meaning of sentences. Now in the new version of the theory represented in this book it is postulated that only surface structures give all the information required for determining the meaning of sentences, and the concept of initial structures is extended to include deep ones which no more

contribute to semantic interpretation. The elimination of deep structures as intermediate objects in the process marks a serious conceptual shift in the transformational generative theory. This conceptual shift has taken place because under the postulate of surface-structure interpretation deep structures cannot play the role formerly attributed to them.

The new version of transformational generative theory raises significant problems which Chomsky discusses in a section devoted to some general features of language. The ideas in this section (in particular, the special theory called the trace theory) merit close scrutiny and discussion. Here is not the place to consider these ideas, but there is little doubt that the new version of Chomsky's theory will provoke many controversies.

When you turn the last page of Chomsky's new book, you feel that the picture of human language as "a mental organ" has captured your imagination. This picture should give an impetus to rewarding discussions of the many provocative ideas of the author.

The construction of an adequate universal grammar is the task number one of contemporary linguistics. Chomsky's *Reflections on Language* is a significant contribution toward the pursuit of this task.

Sebastian Shaumyan

Sebastian Shaumyan is professor of linguistics at Moscow University and visiting professor of linguistics at Yale.

The Courage to Create by Rollo May

(Norton; \$7.95)

If serious psychology in America is ever to escape the abysmal behaviorism to which it has fallen captive, Rollo May will have been one of its liberators. This, alas, will not happen unless our style of thinking changes, and we see that human existence moves more by contradiction and paradox than by cause and effect.

May, trained in psychoanalysis' Holy City of Vienna (where he spent apparently more time with Jung's and Rank's followers than with Freud's), and

appreciative of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, is a clinician who understands that life's darkest mysteries have no solution. The darkest of these is death.

The lectures that comprise this 143-page volume are, May says, a "partial record of my ponderings" on the relationship between death and creativity, a relationship visible in the interstices of May's *Love and Will* (1969) but never brought into clear light. It is not brought into any better light in *The Courage To Create*.

Love and Will had argued, with mythopoeic but compelling brilliance, that every human being is driven to affirm itself by blind powers rooted in the netherworld of human existence,

powers which May, following the Greeks, called daimons. These powers, more fundamental than the "superego" and transcending cultural conceptions of good and evil, are the unreachable sources of aspiration and anxiety. The creative personality, knowing like Rilke that its devils are its angels too, accepts anxiety and uses it to serve the self.

May's preoccupation with the self and existence reflects an intellectual tradition that has greater affinity with art and literature than with scientific rationalism. Various as his debts are, his most immediate, he acknowledges, are to his late friend Paul Tillich, the theologian. May adopted the title of these lectures from Tillich's book *The Courage To Be* for good reason: his ideas

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of courage and death are clearly Tillich's. But his idea of creativity, although adumbrations of it can be found in Tillich too, echoes the anthropological mysticism of Jung.

For May as for Tillich life derives meaning from the certainty of death. Courage is the acceptance of life's finitude, and creativity the transcendence of that finitude through our participation in what May, following Jung, oracularly calls the collective unconscious. "Every authentic artist," he says, "is engaged in . . . creating . . . the conscience of the race, even though he or she may be unaware of the fact . . ."

That cryptic pronouncement should give even the sympathetic reader pause. The word "authentic" is appropriated to mean whatever May considers "creative" and to exclude all the rest (which he calls "escapist" art), and the artist's creative intention is dismissed as though it were accidental. "Race," moreover, is explained nowhere; it might refer to what most of us understand by race, or to a culture or language group, or to all of humanity.

May's understanding of creativity is either profound or confused. On the one hand, creativity is rebellion against

limitation, and especially against the ultimate limitation, death. On the other hand (in a different lecture), it is "the expression of normal people in the act of actualizing themselves." The first view is the predominant one. "Creativity," May says, "provokes the jealousy of the gods. This is why authentic creativity takes so much courage: *an active battle with the gods is occurring*. The battle with the gods thus hinges on our own mortality. Creativity is a yearning for immortality."

(May's idea of creativity is only superficially similar to that of the late Ernest Becker, whose book *The Denial of Death* also yokes creativity to the wish to transcend one's death. For May, to transcend one's death is the heroic imperative that gives value to life; for Becker, it is a sad delusion that inevitably produces misery.)

The Promethean impulse is fed by the afflatus of the human past: ". . . we know that each of us carries in buried dimensions of our being some basic forms, partly generic and partly experiential in origin. It is these the artist expresses." The authentic artist differs from the talented but inauthentic artist in his having experienced "encounter"—that is, by his having "engaged reality," which the inauthentic artist has escaped or evaded (May gives us something of a strawman as an example in Scott Fitzgerald).

It would be captious to belabor May's having universalized the dread of death.

More objectionable is his reducing the richness of the creative vision to a single perception. Such dubious psychology reflects a picture of human nature that is edifying but monochromatic: ". . . the essence of being human," he says, "is that, in the brief moment we exist on this spinning planet, we can love some persons and some things . . . By the creative act, however, we are able to reach beyond our own death. This is why creativity is so important . . ."

The "essence of being human" is rather that we, unlike animals, are self-conscious and, because we are, can acquire self-knowledge (hence the human being's unique susceptibility to psychosis). Creativity arises less from the desire for immortality than from the self's struggle to interpret the complexity of nature and to find its own relationship with existence. Creativity is the more powerful as it awakens or illumines in others experiences or images that slumbers not in the collective but in the individual unconscious.

Talk of the "essence of being human," behaviorists insist, is a waste of time, a misprision of an unscientific age. May at least understands what behaviorists do not: that on its deepest level the mind wants mystery more than certainty.

Michael Skube

Michael Skube is a free-lance writer living in Miami.

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Reconsideration

Thorstein Veblen

Mention the name of Thorstein Veblen and one invariably draws a smile. His bizarre scholarly career is legend enough to raise eyebrows in academic circles. What professor would not like to know more about a man who could be both a genius and a failure, to say nothing of an inscrutable misfit who made life so frustrating for administrators and so interesting for coeds?

There is, alas, considerably less interest in the ramifications of Veblen's

social theory. Among students and general readers the name suggests the caustic satirist of status and "conspicuous consumption." Among perhaps the more informed reader his name invokes another image: the theoretician who saw in the ascendancy of the technical and scientific professions a radical hope for social transformation. Both of these impressions, deriving respectively from *The Theory of the Leisure Class* and *The Engineers and the Price System*, have the effect of limiting

rather than illuminating the many dimensions and depths in Veblen's unique analysis of modern industrial society. In the former impression Veblen emerges as the mentor of Vance Packard, in the latter as the precursor of James Burnham or John Kenneth Galbraith. So regarded, Veblen can easily be relegated to a footnote in American intellectual history, an author whose works are frequently quoted and seldom pondered.

Veblen's stature seems to have fluctuated according to the moods of various generations, a pattern that indicates that one's reaction to Veblen often depended on one's judgment of America. Thus the Greenwich Village left of the World War I era saw him as a valuable intellectual resource for national self-scrutiny, an ally of the young rebels in revolt against "tribal customs" and the respectability of the starched-collar class. The old left of the 1930s regarded Veblen's surgical analysis of the "plunder economics" of finance capitalism as presaging Wall Street's crash. Although Veblen's fame had been eclipsed in the era of Coolidge, he "now . . . shines like a star of the first magnitude," observed John Chamberlain in 1931. Several books were written on Veblen after his death in 1929, including Joseph Dorfman's informative biography; and in *The New Republic's* survey of "Books That Changed Our Minds" (conducted by Malcolm Cowley), Veblen came in way ahead with 16 mentions, followed by Charles Beard (11), John Dewey (10), Sigmund Freud (nine), Oswald Spengler and Alfred North Whitehead (seven each), and V.I. Lenin and I.A. Richards (six each). Yet in the desperate years of the depression, Veblen's social criticism seemed only to negate everything and affirm nothing. The novelist John Dos Passos, who etched a masterful portrait of Veblen in *The Big Money*, and who told his friend Edmund Wilson that Veblen's "work is a sort of anthropological footnote to Marx," echoed a complaint of a whole generation of writers when he lamented Veblen's inability "to get his mouth round the essential yes."

After World War II Veblen's reputation suffered another decline, partly due to the spectacular performance of the American economy in the war and the positive reappraisal of American society in the "silent" '50s. Yet his legacy remained vital to Max Lerner, whose edited Viking *Portable Veblen* still is the best introduction to "America's greatest

social scientist." During the postwar years intellectual historians like Daniel Aaron, Henry Steele Commager and Morton White assessed Veblen's thought in the light of America's liberal tradition, while the economists Douglass Dowd, J.K. Galbraith, and Robert Heilbroner praised Veblen's devastating critiques of neo-classical orthodoxy, now enjoying a revival in the writings of Milton Friedman, and C. Wright Mills resurrected Veblen as the "comic" thorn in the side of the complacency of the '50s. By no means was there unanimity. Talcott Parsons, one of the most influential social scientists of the postwar era, maintained that Veblen's social theory was "essentially very simple" and that a "quite adequate comprehension of all Veblen's real contributions could be found in Max Weber's work." Parsons' dismissal completely misses Veblen's and Weber's profoundly different attitudes toward religion, capitalism, bourgeois culture, and the work ethic. Similarly, Daniel Bell claimed that Veblen's aim, like that of all technoauthoritarians from Saint-Simon to Burnham, was to become the "active political force" of a "new class" capable of overthrowing the existing order. Bell's argument that Veblen

"must be ranked on the side of the elitists" ignores Veblen's own maverick personality which rendered him incompatible with the demands of any organized movement. Surely a man who sympathized with the Wobblies, scorned academic entrepreneurialship and turned down an offer to become president of the American Economic Association was not simply whoring after power. What then motivated him? David Riesman tried to answer this question in *Thorstein Veblen: A Critical Interpretation* (1953), a Freudian analysis of the childhood determinants that supposedly influenced Veblen's antipathy toward class society. Riesman's suggestive book helps us better understand Veblen, but it also helps us understand why "consensus" scholars of the '50s were puzzled by Veblen's hostility to capitalism, and why they were inclined to trace his ideas to individual pathology rather than to social reality. Although Veblen may have had his share of "neurosis," not all neurotics shared his insights. Veblen was an idiosyncratic personality, to be sure, but in intellectual history, if not in psychohistory, it is the man's work, and not his life, that poses the most compelling questions for social philosophy.

The questions that Veblen wrestled

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with remained buried as articles in dry scholarly journals, some of which were later reprinted in *Essays In Our Changing Order*. Although Veblen never gave any hint as to the context of his articles, one may approach them as part of an ongoing dialogue in the late 19th century social theory. "The Beginnings of Ownership" (1898) may be read as an attempt to round out Marx's unfinished explanation of the origins of property; "The Barbarian Status of Women" (1899) as a sociological extension of Engels' economic and John Stuart Mill's political account of feminine subjection; and "Christian Morals and the Competitive System" (1910) as a response to Max Weber's thesis on Protestantism and capitalism. These and other essays were preliminary exercises to Veblen's most ambitious treatise, *The Instinct of Workmanship and The State Of The Industrial Arts* (1914), a much-neglected book that needs to be reconsidered in light of the recent theoretical problems in contemporary social thought.

Any attempt to summarize *The Instinct of Workmanship* is bound to appear simplistic. It may suffice to point out that in the book, and in several of his articles, Veblen explored three issues

that in our time have come to be referred to as "alienation," "reification," and "mediation." Like Marx, Veblen believed that man's alienation was bound up with the appearance of property in history. But where Marx and Engels believed that property emerges from the division of labor and the product of surplus value, and where classical economists had maintained that property is founded on productive labor and social contract, Veblen traced the origins of the institution to the act of conquest. He was not wholly convinced, however, that property had its primal beginning in the lust for material things that expressed itself in war, aggression and plunder. So closely linked is the psychological relation of person to things that the idea of ownership can scarcely be said to exist in primitive society. When it first takes root, Veblen speculated, one may find the key connection in the institution of slavery: ownership begins where workmanship ends and a leisure class first appears. The birth of private property requires a change of consciousness, and the reorientation of human apprehension occurs when primitive hordes seize not goods but people, especially women, who serve the symbolic function of "trophies" attesting to the male prowess of their capturer. The paucity of evidence makes it impossible to validate Veblen's thesis. "Casual enslavement of individual outsiders, especially of captive women, went back as far as our evidence goes," writes M.I. Finley of classical antiquity. Perhaps the most prescient aspect of Veblen's speculations is his interest in the symbolic meaning of primitive exchange relationships that antedate capitalism, a subject that would later be explored by French anthropologists like Marcel Mauss and Maurice Godelier, and particularly Claude Lévi-Strauss, who likewise views women as the first form of "currency."

Veblen's Darwinian approach to history may appear to be ultimately crude, based as it is on the social authority which the strong come to acquire over the weak. But he perceived in the simultaneous emergence of property and a leisure class the first formation of social role systems that would serve to legitimate class society in general and capitalism in particular. Even if his account remains historically unverifiable, it is nonetheless a richly suggestive sociological explanation that leads, I believe, to a better understanding of the phenomenon of "reification" that has troubled great social thinkers

from Marx to Georg Lukacs. Reification implies that products made by men come to assume in capitalist society an existence independent of men. In Volume One of *Capital*, and more revealingly in the *Grundrisse*, Marx wrestled with the "mystery" of commodities, their ability to command human beings because of some inner "laws of motion" which inheres in their behavior and governs their exchange. Veblen approached the problem differently. For Veblen, who had been influenced by Kant and had studied under Charles Sanders Pierce, the mediation of mind is present in every act of observation, and thus what is alienating is not the fetishism in commodities but the "animism" in man which impels him to impute personal qualities to impersonal phenomena. Reification does not reflect the lifeless status of commodities, their chilling "thinghood" which supposedly renders their behavior autonomous and beyond man's control. On the contrary, commodities are pregnant with personal and sociological meaning. Rather than being "mystified," man is awed by the commodity object as a symbol expressing the character of its owner. Ownership itself originates in bold feats of hunting and fighting, conquest and plunder, and thus a connection is formed between possession and strength, property and power, a prodigious display of consumer goods and a superior position of status and authority. Marx came close to this perception when he observed that "people honor money, and therefore also its possessor." But where Veblen traced the basis of this honorific "emulation" back to the behavior of primitive man, Marx believed such false social attitudes would yield to the inexorable march of history and human rationality. Marx called upon man to draw his "poetry" from the future; Veblen drew his insights from the past.

Veblen sensed that in a mass society the phenomenon of power, the ability to command by threat of coercion, gives way to the phenomenon of influence, the ability to persuade by the tendency of emulation. His shrewd observations enabled him to see how emulation functioned to cushion the effects of alienation and exploitation, thereby integrating the worker into the culture of capitalism. One need only turn to Richard Sennet's and Jonathan Cobb's *The Hidden Wounds of Class* or to Studs Terkel's *Working* to get a sense of how strong status emulation remains among those under the spell of leisure class values. Veblen was the first American

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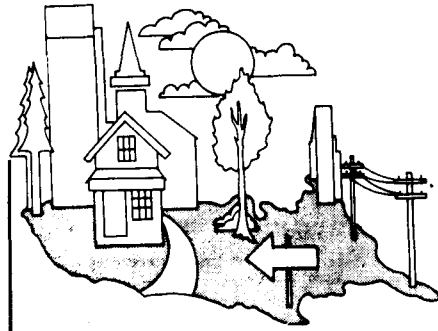
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